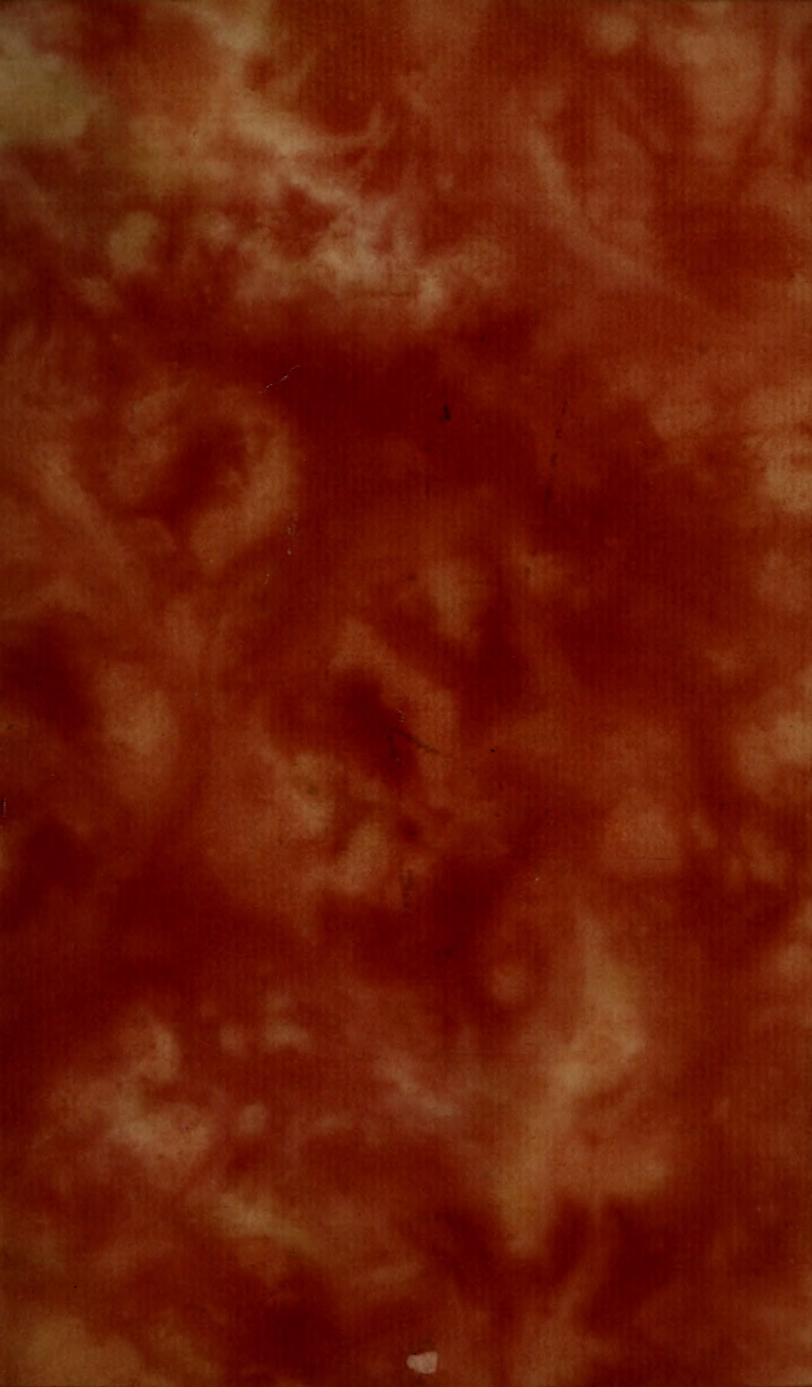



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A D R I A N

OR THE

CLOUDS OF THE MIND.

A Romance.

BY

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

AND

MAUNSELL B. FIELD, Esq.

“—an unceasing strife
Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt
The gap of some cleft mountain—.”

SHELLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LONDON :

T. & W. BOONE, NEW BOND STREET.

1852.

ADDENDUM

GLORIOUS OF THE MIND

A HISTORY

G. F. H. JAMES

MANNING & CO.

IN TWO VOLUMES VOL. I

LONDON

J. BILLING, PRINTER, WOKING.

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1852

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P R E F A C E .

Two friends, an American and an Englishman, the one a citizen of New York, the other a resident in Massachusetts, met after a separation of some months, to spend the bright season of the year in one of the loveliest valleys of New England. They diversified their rambles and their rides amongst grand mountains and by beautiful streams, with conversations upon subjects congenial to the tastes of both. One day the topic became the curious copartnery in literary labours of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the one friend proposed to the other to attempt the composition of a prose work of fiction in the same manner. This was readily agreed

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to, and the result is here laid before the public.

They neither of them pretend to the genius or the merits of a Beaumont or a Fletcher; but they do believe, that some interest, independent of any that may attach to the work itself, will be excited in the public by the unusual course which has been taken in this composition. The minute details of their plan of joint authorship would probably not be very amusing or instructive to any one; but the public may be pleased to know, at least, thus much: that each has contributed, as nearly as possible, an equal portion with the other to the work that follows, and that there is not a chapter—not a page—in the whole book, on which each hand and each mind has not laboured.

If, as possibly will be the case, the curiosity of some individuals may be stimulated to enquire which portions are to be attributed to the one author, which to the

other, we fear we can afford them no farther indication than that which their own knowledge of either of the men, or their habits of thought may supply. And yet we will venture to add that this clue may very frequently lead them wrong, as it is more than probable that the sentiments and opinions of the one, may, in many instances, be attributed by the reader to the other.

In regard to the work itself, very little need be said. The scene is laid in the United States. The characters, though not to be considered as portraits, are not without their prototypes: the events, though here and there assisted by fictitious accessories, are often related as they occurred: and of one a slight but faithful sketch has already appeared in print. The principal object was less, perhaps, to write a tale full of stirring incidents, than to develop a peculiar character, and to show the result of a conflict, in the same breast, between opposite opin-

ions, derived from different sources. In all lands there remains, unfortunately, a high degree of intolerance, in each man, for adverse opinions or prejudices in his neighbour. We are apt only to love our neighbour as ourself, upon the condition of his being exactly like ourself. The higher this intolerance is in any country, the greater is the misfortune; and when the celebrated Ancillon called the collection of his essays by a name which we may freely translate, "Something towards the mitigation of extreme opinions," he did much by that very name, to promote a sane and benevolent philosophy — to point the way to a more Christian and charitable mode of judging the views of others, than the world has generally been willing to adopt.

If, however, it be a great misfortune to a nation to be vexed by opposite and intolerant opinions, it is a still greater misfortune to an individual to be torn by con-

flicting views, from whatever source they may come: and it is well, we think, for every man, as early as possible, to obtain definite and conclusive judgment between the contending parties. To do so, without any chance of reversal of judgment, it is necessary for him to reject, as worthless, all that prejudice, however venerable from antiquity, or respectable by association, may put forth to sustain one view or another, and above all, to cast from him the minted falsehoods constantly current in society. Although to incite to such a course, is certainly one great object of the work, yet, as will be seen by those who peruse the following pages, we do not presume to speak dogmatically, or to school the public upon any of the various questions which affected painfully the mind of one of the principal characters.

If the book have any moral, it may perhaps be comprised in these few words, "Try

your opinions ;” for we believe that in all cases it will be found that peace of mind can only be founded on firm and well-established convictions.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., *Sept.* 1, 1851.

ADRIAN ;

OR,

THE CLOUDS OF THE MIND.

CHAPTER I.

Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest,
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creation of misguided whim.

BURNS. "*The Brigs of Ayr.*"

THERE are odd-shaped old houses all over the world ; and it is very extraordinary what different expressions they put on, although their general features may be very much the same. There is something in the face of an old house very much like the face of a human being. One cannot get it out of

one's head, that the windows are eyes, and the door a mouth, and the overhanging eaves the beetle brows. Who has not looked at one in the dim of the evening—especially in school-boy days—till he almost fancied it the head of the giant Blunderbore, looking out of the pit which Jack, the giant-killer, dug for him? Not only is this similarity in what we must call the features, but the aspect, the expression has something human in it. How many a venerable old house do we see, quite decrepit with age—sometimes even upon crutches—but smiling upon us still, with a pleasant face from underneath its wig of house-leek. Then again there is the grimly house—the dark, foreboding, melancholy mansion, with trees of sombre hue generally coming up close to it, and the long-bladed, bluish-green grass concealing the meeting-place between its

walls and the earth. How its heavy brows frown upon us! How its cold, staring eyes seem to look gloom and dissatisfaction! How little welcome does it give! How stiff and repulsive, does it seem! One could almost fancy it a Prime Minister, putting his hands behind his back, and bowing negation to some poor petitioner.

Of the latter kind, there was a very fair specimen, seated in a deep hollow of some hills, two or three miles from the seashore; but in addition to the general frowning aspect which it wore, there was, moreover, an air of melancholy about it, as it stood in its solitude, with little to see and nobody to talk to. It had a bereaved and disconsolate air; and there was as little hope for it in the future, as there was joy in the present; for it bore about it evident signs of old age, and four large figures of ham-

mered iron plaistered on its front, were probably intended as a sort of register of its birth, which was somewhat more than a century before the period at which our tale commences. These figures were, 1—6—8—7. Between the six and the eight, indeed, there was a great gap, nobody could tell why or wherefore. Some people said there had once been a window there, which had been blocked up when the house was repaired some fifty years before ; but we cannot think it ; for the figures were high up on the house, where no other window dwelt ; and the story of the window, at all, rested only on tradition, a foundation on which we are not at all inclined to rely in any case, and more especially, when it is offered to us in the shape of an old woman's tale, involving circumstances repugnant to humanity. Such was the legend told to

any one who delighted in cup and saucer eloquence, by two ancient ladies of virgin fame and exceedingly sharp chins, who resided near the hill, by the side of a small lake. They declared they had it from their grandfather; but we think they must have been mistaken; for we do believe they manufactured it themselves; and, though each looked very much as if she were her own grandfather, we do not suspect that either of them intended to allude to herself.

They said, that some sixty years before, a young and beautiful girl had precipitated herself out of the solitary window, which stood between the two figures six and eight, impelled to what the newspapers call "the rash act," by the cruelty and tyranny of her own father, who wished to force her into a marriage with a man whom she abhorred. Now, we are no believers in

Blue-beard fathers. We have never seen them in a normal, or fossil state; and though, very likely, Methuselah was very despotic when he got old and crusty, yet such fathers, depend upon it, were all before the flood. Daughter and father, however, the old ladies both averred, had walked the house ever since, and from time to time a shriek was heard, just such as the poor girl gave when she was taking the fatal leap. They did not, of course, relate that leap from their personal knowledge; for the event occurred sixty years before, and the two sisters, though not twins, were each exactly thirty-five—whatever the family Bible might say to the contrary, as some persons suspected it would do, if ever let out of the dark closet in which they kept it locked up—to punish it for telling such lies about people's ages, we suppose.

But to return to the old house, with its registered front. It was a curious old building, of three stories high, with a roof, unlike most other roofs in the country, describing at all its various angles a wavy line, somewhat like Hogarth's celebrated line of beauty. It was, in short, like the dome of some Turkish mosque cut square; and the chimneys, made tall and slender in order to carry the smoke above the hills, might well in the evening light have passed for minarets. Over the principal entrance of the mansion, gracefully reclined upon cornucopias of fruit and flowers, what had once been intended for two female figures, carved in oak,—an ornament which both its form and execution suggested, had once belonged to, or had at least been intended for, the stern of some antediluvian ship. Mischief or

accident, however, had cut down the relief of noses, and chins, and fruit, to an uniform level with the less prominent parts ; so that the general effect was neither particularly lively nor agreeable.

There were two stories above, and one below ; and the separation of the aristocratical up-stairs floors from the plebeian ground floor, was marked distinctly enough by the protrusion of the former over the latter, some two feet on every side. The upper floors, indeed, were considerably more spacious than the under, and to prevent them from falling down upon their inferior member, like an extinguisher upon a candle, or a night-cap on a head, the large joists of the flooring projected considerably beyond the wall of the ground floor, as if the people of those days had found it more economical to build in the

air, than on the ground. The learned, however, assigned another motive for this peculiar style of construction. They said that, at the time this house was built, it was by no means an unusual occurrence to see two or three hundred personages, nearly naked, with brown skins, beautifully painted and feathered, approach the dwelling and rush under the eaves, with the design of "bruising the hairy scalp of their enemies;" and that, unless prevented by a sharp fire of musketry from above, they would hew down the doors with their hatchets, or break in at the windows in an incredibly short space of time. As a proof of the truth of that which they advanced, the persons who gave this account of the matter used to point out a number of round holes, between the rafters under the superincumbent protuberance, through which they

declared, the early settlers poured a deadly fire upon the savages.

All this might be so, or it might not, and it is not worth while to stop here for the purpose of investigating the question. Thank heaven, we are far enough from Indians now-a-days, and those who do still exist—except upon the extreme frontier—if not civilized, are at least tamed. However, the very idea of the dusky savages coming down from their deep forests, with the war-whoop, and the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife, and rushing fiercely, in the dead of the night, upon the dwellings of the invaders of their hunting grounds,—of the shout and the scream, and the pealing shot, and the torture, and the massacre, the fiendish dance, and the revel in blood, added other grim associations to those with which the place was already invested, and which

its mournful, stern, and desolate aspect seemed well to warrant.

The inside of the house was not much more cheerful than the exterior. Timber was in plenty on the lands round about at the time when it was built, and it had not been spared. Large beams, time-worn and wormeaten, protruded themselves in every direction, and the death-watch kept up his measured tickings in every room. The staircase was broad and solemn, with low steps eighteen inches wide, ascending from a good-sized, stone-paved hall, and running back, though not completely, to the farther side of the building. The banisters consisted of thick round columns of wood, with a broad rail at top; and both in balustrade and railing, the ravages of the worm—tracing a somewhat quaint and fanciful pattern of deep holes and superficial channels

for the tiny destroyer to do the bidding of his master, Time—were not only apparent, but obtrusive to the eye.

At the top of the staircase, which, with a portion of the hall in which it stood, was somewhat more than twenty feet in width, was what, we suppose, must be called a landing, though being thirty feet deep, from the top step to a window of three lights with a fan-light above, in the back of the house, it might deserve the name of a room, or a corridor. From this landing ran away two passages, one to the right and the other to the left, which deviated into a number of other passages leading to different rooms, and smaller staircases without number, some going up and some going down, some straight, and some crooked, and some which seemed inclined to betake themselves altogether to the lower story of the house, as if

tired of standing there so long without any one taking advantage of the assistance they proffered.

The rooms were all low in the ceiling, though some of them were both wide and long, and everywhere were seen the great beams crossing from side to side, and forbidding any one, above six feet high, to walk without stooping. Opening out of the hall, on the right and left—before, passing the staircase, you reached a sort of vestibule at the back of the house—were two large rooms: evidently the state rooms of a time of dignity passed away. The ceilings of these were nearly as low as in the other apartments; but the extent gave them a gloomy sort of grandeur, heightened in gloom, if not in majesty, by the dingy panneling with which one of them was lined, and the enormous gaping fire-place, which

looked like the jaws of some monster, ready to devour any one who entered. The other room was not panelled, and had, to say sooth, a somewhat gayer aspect; for some long-forgotten hand had, in a day when the arts were not at their climax, covered the walls with stucco, and ornamented them all round with one grand historical fresco. This effort of genius was evidently not coeval with the building of the house, if the date in front was to be relied on; for the dresses of the various persons represented were of a somewhat later period—that of king William, of immortal memory, rather trenching upon that of Anne. Had it not been for this circumstance, some points about the picture might have induced one to believe that it was of very remote antiquity. It represented a hunt, beginning at the eastern corner of the room, and going on till the end

met the commencement. There was a party of gentlemen, in great wigs, broad-tailed coats, and large jacked boots, mounted on some sort of extinct animal which bore a shadowy resemblance to a horse, but differing in a neck, much resembling that of a swan, and a head hardly large enough to become a colt of two months old. There were innumerable French horns also hanging under the left arms of all and sundry. Then came a forest, the trees of which were apparently palm-trees, and were so close together, that how the poor men were ever to get through them, heaven only knows. Then was seen a pack of Italian greyhounds with pigs' snouts, and long hanging ears—very ugly-looking people indeed—numerous as the sands of the sea, and each bearing a strong family resemblance to the other. Then came another impervious forest, so

filled with birds and beasts, of indescribable proportions as to give one the idea that a child's Noah's ark had been shaken out into it, anyhow ; and lastly, appeared what was probably the object of the chase—a beast which no one would think of hunting in the present day, except a geologist ; for he seemed to be of a mixed breed between a mastodon and a giraffe. We say, he was probably the object of the chase ; for, as there was but about the distance of six inches, with due deference to perspective, between his snout and the tail of the horse of the principal huntsman, it was difficult to say which was hunting the other.

We have declared that this room had a somewhat gayer aspect than the other ; but after all it was a sombre sort of gaiety, like the laugh of a discontented spirit. There was an echo of the past about it—a voice

from the dead, as it were—speaking from the faded figures on the walls, and breathing ruin, and desolation, and decay.

In the grand masterpieces of art, we find none of this gloomy emanation. Genius communicates to them a portion of its own immortality. They are not dead, nor of the dead. They live and are for ever living. The soul of Raphael, or of Michael Angelo, or of Correggio, still breathes forth, all animate, from their works, and holds commune with all who behold them. But take away the spirit of genius from a painting—reduce it to a mere clumsy decoration—and it is but a tablet on a monument, the record of death, and desolation and corruption. One of those old, rudely painted rooms, however gaudy be the colouring, is, to us, more melancholy than one of the tombs of Thebes. But here the colouring was not

gaudy—it was not even bright—it was dim—somewhat mouldy—withering away—and the effect of the whole, after the very first view, was sombre and dreary enough.

But let us quit the inside of the house, and cast our eyes around us. We fear, the prospect is not very cheering. There is no great relief in the circumadjacent objects.

The spot in which the house was situated, was, as we have said, a hollow, or valley in the midst of the hills; but these hills themselves were by no means picturesque, though somewhat high. They were round granite knobs, covered with short, and by no means luxuriant turf. Here and there were seen, cold, round, polished pieces of rock breaking through, and ever and anon, a great boulder appeared hanging upon the edge of the steep sides of the hollow, as if with the full intention of falling upon the

head of some unwary traveller, as he passed beneath. North, south, and west, such was the unvaried aspect of the country around, and the wind played strange gambols over those bare hills, hooting, and howling, and whistling as it went. Towards the east, the valley had its outlet in the direction of the distant sea-coast, and here the scene was a little varied ; for the ancient proprietors, in order to shelter themselves from the blast which came screaming in the winter up the gorge, had encouraged the growth of sturdy pines, which had risen up, protected by and emulating each other, to a vast height, completely overshadowing the dell, through the bottom of which, between deep rocky banks, flowed a cold, dark-coloured stream, so that the little road which passed out in that direction, was not the most cheerful one in the world ; for the dell and the stream

looked like the valley of Death and the waters of Oblivion.

There was but a very scanty space between the old, gray, time-worn house, and the first trees of the wood. Immediately at the back of the building was a small court, paved with round white stones inlaid with dark coloured ones in divers quaint figures ; but many of the stones had disappeared, rendering the original design hardly traceable, and between the rest the grass and weeds were growing in unmolested luxuriance. The remainder of the open space was occupied, partly by an ancient flower and kitchen garden, surrounded by a loose stone wall, tumbled down in many places, partly by some cattle sheds, and one or two fields which had once been cultivated, though the only trace of cultivation now remaining, was an abundant crop

of hardhack and other noxious weeds, arising from the long untended soil.

Were these the only objects within view? No, there was another—an old well, at the corner of the court-yard and the garden, rudely surrounded with stones, and surmounted with a tall pole and a long beam, according to the primeval fashion of wells; but, alas! the cord and bucket had long departed, and for many years it is probable no one had dipped into the waters below, or drawn up the fresh stream to assuage his thirst. The beam was now worm-eaten; some of the stones had fallen in: and this trace of a former habitation by man only served to add deeper melancholy to the whole.

Such was the state and aspect of the place, when, one autumn afternoon, a stranger visited it, with a companion from a town

not far distant. The stranger came back again after a day or two,—went away—returned—went away again ; and then the news spread through the neighbouring farm-houses, that the old place had been bought and sold. Of its purchaser, and his previous history, it may now be necessary to say a word or two.

CHAPTER II.

Pride has ennobled some, and some disgraced ;
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis placed ;
When right, its views know none but virtue's bound ;
When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.

STILLINGFLEET.

ALTHOUGH it may be all very well, according to the ancient maxim of the great poet, to plunge into the middle of things—which, after all, with due reverence be it spoken, is only making the epic pilfer from the dramatic—we cannot help thinking that to render the recapitulation of past events—the long yarn, if we may so call it, which must necessarily be spun in some part or another

of the story—a very lengthy one, is to inflict a great tax upon the reader's patience, especially if those past events are very far past indeed. Nevertheless, it is occasionally needful to go back to a hero's father—nay more, to a hero's grandfather—in order, sometimes, to show family idiosyncrasies, sometimes, to trace acquired peculiarities to their original sources—just as a man unravels the threads at the end of a piece of cloth, in order to ascertain distinctly what are the materials of which it is really composed. The more briefly, however, this is done, the better ; for, as the patience of the merchant would certainly be exhausted if his customer went on to unravel the whole threads of his piece of cloth, so, probably, would the patience of the reader be worn out, if authors were to tell all they knew about people's grandfathers.

In this book, we will not inflict the grandfather upon any one ; but will merely dwell a little upon the father of one of our principal characters, as absolutely necessary to a right understanding of the son's nature, and, with all due moderation, will make the dose of even that innocent medicine as homœopathically infinitesimal as possible.

Adrian Brewerton—for such was the name of the person who had bought the house described in the preceding chapter—had been at all times a riddle to the world, and not unfrequently a mystery to himself. His character was full of seeming inconsistencies, difficult to be reconciled, and brought into one congruous whole by an effort of friendship or enmity. Those who loved him could not pretend to believe him all perfection ; those who hated him, could not deny him many strangely contrasted virtues. Neither,

probably, understood him ; and his strange character could only have been rightly comprehended and appreciated, if at all, by that long, patient, and impartial scrutiny, not unenlightened by great experience in moral anatomy, which this giddy world is but little inclined to bestow upon any of its passing denizens. Adrian's father, the younger son of a younger son, of a noble race, although no Puritan by either inheritance or principle, had found himself in New England, at a somewhat late period of its colonial history. Originally in the British army, he had left the service, after attaining the rank of major, and had first emigrated to Virginia, from which State or Province, as it was then called—not succeeding, after residing there ten or twelve years, in acquiring that fortune, the prospect of which had lured him from England—he removed to one of the more ad-

vanced settlements, founded by a race with whom all his traditional sympathies were at variance. There Major Brewerton, no longer a young man, had married a clergyman's daughter—one of those sensitive, refined, and inefficient persons, so often found in the by-ways of the world; and of this union, Adrian was the only fruit.

By the time when the war of Independence commenced, Major Brewerton had so far prospered in his worldly affairs, as to be in possession of a landed property which afforded him a reasonable competence. But, as was to be expected, all his feelings and prejudices were with the loyalists; and, although he took no active part in the struggle, he determined at once to emigrate, on the first indication of the probable success of the revolution. This time he directed his course to Nova Scotia, but returned some years

after the peace, to resume the possession of his property, secured to him by the provisions of the treaty of 1794. The little Adrian, from his childhood, gave evidences of a peculiar organization, physical and moral. His beauty, which was remarkable, was, to the unobserving eye, of too feminine a cast ; and yet, when examined more closely, it seemed to grow upon you with a power you could not resist. You became aware of a strange earnestness in his blue eye, which at times gave, even to his features as a child, an expression of thoughtfulness and concentration, indicating unusual latent vigour. He was strong in body, though apparently delicately formed, and beneath a timid manner, had a world of resolution and endurance. He was not a merry child ; and yet he was subject, at rare intervals, to fits of what we may be allowed to call a morbid mirth, as grotesque

as it was painful. Taking no pleasure in the society of children, he would sit hour after hour upon the stairs of his father's house, playing with a favourite spaniel, and often singing himself to sleep. Indeed, his ear for music was remarkable. Every air that he heard impressed itself indelibly upon his memory, and his discrimination of sounds, and nicety of taste, were as delicate as his ear was retentive. This gift—which often, as in his case, displays itself very early—was in after-years united to a kindred talent: the power of acquiring languages. It was, in fact, with him, probably but a double manifestation of one gift, the subtlest perception of harmony; and yet all sounds of music, whether cheerful or sad, martial or religious, produced the same sort of melancholy undertone in his mind—an echo, as it were, of deep and solemn feelings in his heart—not

exactly a perpetual gloom ; for as we have said, he was sometimes strangely gay ; but yet there seemed for him an ever-present shadowy background, even to the sunniest landscape.

At a very early period, another very strange propensity seemed to develop itself, though perhaps in this point his character was influenced by the circumstances of his situation as an only child, living with persons much older than himself. A boy of but six summers, he already dwelt more in the past, than in the present or the future. Separated from other children, those faculties were turned inwardly upon himself, which at his age are usually occupied with the outer world. Not alone his own past, but the past of the land in which he lived, seemed to engross him entirely ; and fancy aided to give reality—identity, as it were—

to all that he heard. The tales of witchcraft and sorcery of a preceding generation—often narrated, and not seldom believed by the narrators themselves—and the whole traditional store of child-wonders, had been so worked into his every-day feelings, that the recollection of them had become, as it were, an experience of his own. That ignis-fatuus of the mind, which has awed so many men of sensitive temperament, who rather cling to it as a sacred mystery of their own individuality, than treat it as a moral phenomenon of very general occurrence—that sudden consciousness of a previous existence, which, on occasions perhaps the most trivial, flashes across us as if we were rehearsing a familiar scene, and then, as we endeavour to apply to the impression the test of memory, fades away altogether, was so constantly present to this child, that the greater part of

his existence, if not a fiction, was at least a dream.

Adrian's physical conformation was, as we have stated, delicate and *fine*, to make use of a Spanish expression. But he was in reality strong, and had no particular tendency to disease. Nevertheless, there was a propensity to inactivity about him, which made people often think him more delicate than he really was. It might be that his mind was too constantly busy to allow his bodily powers due exercise ; but often he would sit for hours by an open window, with his chestnut curls floating in the breeze, and his eyes, apparently, gazing upon vacancy, until some sudden noise startled him from a golden reverie. And yet, when thoroughly aroused, he was capable of the most active and sustained exertion. When the motive was withdrawn, however, he would again relapse,

without any gradual transition, into a perfectly passive and, as it were, indolent state. In him it seemed equally difficult to overcome the inertia of rest or of motion.

Adrian's first great sorrow—and it came upon him early—was his mother's death. She had lingered long under a slow chronic disease—now at ease, now suffering terribly ; but she only kept her bed about four weeks. During that time, the little Adrian was the constant companion of her sick-chamber. Day after day would he sit in his small chair by her bedside, watching as she slept, with more than childish thoughtfulness, the spasms of pain that passed over her pale countenance, even sweeter in its suffering than in its bloom—watched with hushed breath and no tear in his eye, but overwhelmed by a prophetic instinct of some great impending evil.

At such moments, strange, wild fancies would possess his brain. Spirit whispers would be audible to his imagination; phantom forms would float before his watching-wearied eyes; and his isolation from the material world would seem more complete than it ever can appear to the grown man. Every office of attention and duty he performed quickly and tenderly; but the words of affection he never spoke. He could not be persuaded to leave the room; and yet it is probable that it cost him a great effort to conceal the motives of his desire to remain; loving his poor mother with all the intensity of his nature, and yet self-compelled, by some strange shyness, to hide his love for her in his own heart. Every source of emotion in him seemed, as it were, stopped and driven backwards by obstacles in its course, so that the mazy current, which flowed on

the exterior, gave no fair indication of the depth and force of the restrained waters.

At length, his mother died ; but even at that last moment Adrian was tearless. Indeed, so cold and strange did he seem, that his demeanour was a subject of remark to the neighbours. As the funeral procession slowly moved from the door, and Adrian accompanied it, walking hand in hand with his father to the grave, a convulsed smile passed over his lips, which the by-standers variously attributed to insensibility or madness. Nevertheless, he felt the keenest agony under this strange mask. His grief was too intense for tears or consolation ; and even towards his father, he was moved, by a power beyond his own control, to hide the intensity of his emotions.

For many days afterwards Adrian wandered about the house and neighbourhood,

either meditating in silence, or singing an old song, which seemed to haunt him, and was associated with the earliest recollections of his lost parent,—speaking to no one—rarely replying to any questions—seeking no sympathy. But when night came, and sleep had removed these obstacles which dammed up, as it were, the current of his grief, he would, in his dreams, give unrestrained utterance to all that was in his heart ; and his sobbing would often call his father to his bedside to learn there the strange secrets of that young, shy, sensitive spirit. Not only for weeks, but for months, did this occur nightly. Gradually these paroxysms lessened in frequency ; but for years afterwards, one particular dream would return at intervals ; and he would fancy that his mother, after having been long supposed dead, had come back sud-

denly from a journey, while some sort of dim and indistinct explanation of her fancied death, and actual existence, would be given in the vague language of dreams. At the same time suffering would show itself in her face, as in days of old, and Adrian's joy at her recovery would be mingled with grief at her worn and faded aspect—so like that which he remembered just before she disappeared and was counted among the gone. Then gradually would the loved form fade away, until a new and more real death came, his anguish for which would be doubled by the illusion of a quickly passing hope. Sometimes, in the confusion of such visions, this second death would appear but as a confirmation of the first—would glide back into it, and resolve itself into a mere after-reflection of what had passed. But at other times, it was a

new, a distinct misfortune, as vivid as the real bereavement. So precisely did this dream reproduce itself from time to time, that Adrian was occasionally half-disposed to think it, in truth, no dream, but a visit in the spirit, from her who might have learned, he thought, in another state, all the intensity of that affection which had been but partially revealed to her on earth.

Thus passed several years. There were no schools in the immediate neighbourhood of Major Brewerton's house ; and in his desolation and loneliness, he preferred to keep his son with him. He felt himself quite competent to undertake Adrian's earlier education ; and with a sagacity wiser than the wisdom of these days, he determined not to force the boy's already precocious mind. He had what was unusual at that time : a very well selected, and tolerably

ample library, comprising not alone books brought with him from England, but a great number sent for after the birth of his son, with a special view to his instruction. There was not a work among them which had not been canonized as a classic; and they were so arranged as to be most accessible to the boy in the order in which their perusal was likely to be of the greatest service to his developing intelligence. The facilities of reading which Adrian enjoyed were not lost upon the young lad. The possession of books seemed to open a new fountain of enjoyment. He read any thing — every thing — read rapidly, and yet thoroughly. But, strange to say, of one so acute in perception, and so peculiar in tastes and disposition, he manifested no decided preference for any particular branch of study. Poetry, the languages, and the

abstract sciences, equally interested and occupied him. He seemed pursued by the mania of universal knowledge ; and that not at all from an exercise of the will, but from a mere necessity—a necessity, too, which was not altogether a source of happiness. Whatever for the moment occupied his attention, excluded every other subject of thought. He had not the power, common to many, of alternately taking up various pursuits, leaving each incomplete, and resuming it easily in its turn. The one subject, for the time dominant, was, for the time, every thing to him ; and each became the favourite one, as in turn it engrossed his thoughts. This tendency, however, speedily began to develop a general vacillation of purpose.

Besides these peculiarities, more special to himself, Adrian inherited many points of

character from both his parents. His father had always clung to aristocratical associations, with a tenacity frequently more fixed and resolute in the disappointed than in the fortunate. Although he cared little for politics, and had married out of his class, yet in a thousand opinions, and a thousand social observances, the blood of the Cavalier in his veins never belied its origin. We say that he had married out of his class; but his wife had been one—and he could have married no other—whose instinctive refinement not only controlled every feeling and aspiration, but influenced every thought and every opinion. Still she had notions of government and of popular rights, very different from those of her husband. They were vague, it is true, and not arrived at, we fear, by any process of logic; but they were as much a matter of faith to her as her religion

—perhaps because she had as seldom heard them disputed. If there was any subject on which she was eager, it was this ; and often, long before her child could fully comprehend half that he heard, she would take pains to instil into him, as a sentiment rather than a conviction, her own somewhat crude ideas of political equality. It was not surprising, then, that as he advanced in years, surrounded almost entirely by persons who thought like herself, and were ready to furnish arguments in support of the doctrines which she had inculcated, the sentiment should grow into a conviction.

On the other hand, he received much from his father of a very different character, and by a very different process. Major Brewerton, from reasons strongly affecting his son's future welfare, did not attempt to influence Adrian's opinions on the subject

of government, and liberty, and independence : but the tone of his mind, the tone of his character, his habitual thoughts and expressions, his prejudices if you will, the frequent allusions which he made to aristocratical distinctions, and to the blood and station of his family in the mother country, all tended to impress his son with high ideas of those social relations which had been banished from the land. All this was involuntary on the part of Major Brewerton ; and when he did speak plainly and purposely on such subjects to Adrian, he endeavoured so to direct his conversation, as to lead the young man's mind to regard gentle birth and noble blood merely as bonds to the honourable performance of every duty, and to the avoidance of every thing that was base and wrong. Unwittingly, however, by this course he taught his son to estimate

highly privileges which could have such results, and institutions which had such a tendency. Thus Adrian, in all that pertained to social sensitiveness, was like his father, though he showed neither pride, nor pretension, nor conceit; and there was something in the very manner and demeanour of the boy, that made even the rude treat him with involuntary civility, and feel a superiority which they would not acknowledge, but could not deny.

Adrian's life at home was a happy one; but there comes to every one a period of aspiration for things beyond the sphere of early life; and at his importunity, when about fifteen years of age, Major Brewerton determined to send him to one of the principal universities of the country. Another year passed in necessary preparation for admission; for although his information was great and

general, it was extremely desultory ; and at the end of that time, the old officer parted from his son, with words which often recurred to Adrian in his after-life, and had no slight influence on his future fate.

“ If I have ever, my dear boy, alluded to the station occupied by your family in my native country, England,” he said, in concluding the admonitions he thought fit to give him, “ it has not been with the design of depreciating the institutions of the land in which our lot is cast. Let the remembrance of the blood that is in your veins serve only to keep you from low society, to restrain you from any thing that is base or dishonourable, and to lead you to every high thought and worthy aspiration. A man may be noble, even here, Adrian, with a nobility such as kings themselves cannot

confer, and neither states nor people can take away. The blood of a real gentleman must, somehow, have become corrupted and debased, if it do not speak out in his acts."

CHAPTER III.

O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all.

SHAKSPEARE. "*Othello*."

A WORD or two must be said regarding the new scene which Adrian Brewerton was just about to enter. College life in those days was, in most of its essentials, very like what it now is. Indeed, there are no communities more tenacious of old forms, or more steadfast in their resistance to innovation, than Universities. This is particularly the case with those scholastic institutions situated in small places, where the student-

life and the town-life are as distinct as that of a camp in a foreign land, from that of the inhabitants of the country. Conservatism is, in fact, the principle of College existence ; usages are still observed which have long been abandoned in the outer world ; traditions are scrupulously followed, and forms preserved, which are elsewhere confined to the church, or the kingly court.

At the same time, let it be remarked that the period from which many of our first Universities date, was far anterior to the great changes which have rendered the United States what they are. Our good ancestors, although sturdy foes to tyranny, either of act or speech, only became republicans upon the settlement of the government, after independence had been achieved. It is we, their descendants, who have invented democracy ; and what may

be reserved for our children to discover in the same course, heaven only knows. The worthy Puritans, although they hated Kings, Popes, and Prelates, did not altogether despise social distinctions; and we are not very sure that it was not the niggardly hand with which this soothing unction was bestowed, that produced one of the rancorous galls which first set the colonial horses kicking. Before they had broken the traces, however, many of the Universities of which we speak had been established; and the recognized grades in society at the time found due representation in the institutions. The student at college took precedence according to the station of his father, and degradation from this precedence was the severest penalty, short of expulsion, known to the laws of the University. The prescribed etiquette to be observed by

inferiors towards superiors, by students to President, Professors, and Tutors, and by juniors towards seniors, was established with a precision that might have puzzled an Austrian chamberlain. Thus, in what may be called the very outset of active life, Adrian Brewerton was surrounded by all those associations and circumstances which were calculated to foster in his mind whatever aristocratical prejudices he had received from his father, while the world around him displayed to the opening eyes of his intellect, the rapid progress and the stern assertion of those social principles which had been as a faith to his mother.

With regard to none of those under whose immediate rule and tuition he was placed, is it needful to say any thing, except perhaps the reverend and learned head of the University of that time. He was one of

those individuals who conceal under a cast-iron exterior the gentlest of natures, and the kindest of hearts. To use the expression of a clever Frenchman, he looked as if he had been "taillé en bois, et coulé en bronze;" but, he was, in reality, composed of the softest materials of humanity. To him, and to several of the Professors, Adrian brought particular letters of introduction; but to say truth, such passports were very ineffectual in a New England College of that day, except in obtaining for the bearer any little acts of kindness or courtesy that could be shown irrespective of the routine of scholastic life.

So circumstanced, the first two years of Adrian's studies glided quietly by, chequered only by the various little hopes and disappointments which, when looking back through the vista of years, appear so tri-

fling, but which are often felt at the time, as matters of overwhelming magnitude. The eagerness which he had displayed as a boy in the pursuit, not only of each, but of every object of knowledge placed within his reach, now developed itself in a sort of grasping ambition to attain excellence in all things. In scholarship, in dexterity, in bodily activity, in popularity with his fellow-students, he was eager to excel—but to excel without the appearance of effort. It is a common vanity, not unfrequently the companion of talent, or even of genius ; but it soon meets its natural check in the world. Adrian's old fitfulness — feverishness, we might almost call it—still clung to him ; and he was taught that it was not by desultory efforts, irregularly, though energetically made, that he could obtain greatness or eminence. He was disappointed at his

own progress. He found — as all others have found, in the same circumstances— when he, for the first time, came to measure his powers with those of others, that he had overrated the facility of victory ; or perhaps —as is sometimes, if not so commonly the case—disheartened with unexpected difficulties, he now overrated the performances of others, and underrated his own.

The effect was salutary, however. It gave better and more persevering direction to his energies, though it diminished his hopes and depressed his spirits for the time. Nor was it until a prize, for which all the students were compelled to contend, and which he had no expectation of obtaining—although he had laboured night and day to win it, with the utmost determination—was adjudged to him, that he began to regain his self-confidence. For twelve months after

this, he continued at the head of his class ; but at the expiration of that time, his powers began to falter. In truth, his health was giving way under too constant and assiduous application. The nervous impressibility of organization which had so strangely characterized his boyhood, rendered doubly acute by unintermitting mental efforts, became a source of exquisite suffering, although his will strengthened with his years. A sort of visionary moodiness seized upon him ; and he fell into the same sort of dreamy state in which he had existed for some years after his mother's death. As he sat, of an evening, in the old, unpainted, brick college—even then to native eyes a venerable specimen of architecture—with the cold, New England moon shining in at the window, phantoms would rise before him—thought-phantoms, we may call them ; for

they had no reality for him, and he knew they were thin air, even when he almost saw them visibly with the corporeal eye. At other times, a different class of waking dreams would come, mingling the past and future and blending memory and imagination, as he wandered at night, after even student revelry was hushed, among the mighty elms that still, under a wintry sky, seem like the ghosts of a giant race departed from the land. A footstep—any unusual sound—would startle him, and make his heart beat strangely. But his will never faltered, and it was powerful even over the body. He never lost his moral control, when even a moment was allowed him for thought. Though keenly alive to all impressions arising from the idea of death, it was no fear of danger which made him start at every sudden sound. He would have

faced a battery, or led a forlorn hope, without the quivering of a muscle ; and it seemed that any painful motive only enabled him to concentrate his energies more powerfully and rapidly.

Amongst the young men of the college, Adrian had, of course, innumerable acquaintances, the even tenor of whose lives, very little different from his own, rendered but more conspicuous the broad distinction between their dull sensations, and his more acute and irritable feelings. Of intimate friends, he had very few—perhaps we might say but one—but that friend was, as is so often the case, the very opposite of himself in every respect. How he came to select him for his companion, was a marvel to many who saw them together, and who did not know that there was a distant relationship between them. But, in truth,

it must be allowed, that relationship had very little to do with their intimacy. Nay, more, we have said that he selected him; but we imagine that there was very little choice exercised on Adrian's part. He never went in quest of sympathy, or sought out a congenial mind; but in his peculiar reserve, he seemed only to warm to those who first warmed to him. This was another of his weaknesses; but we have never pretended that he was in any way perfect, and in this instance he was influenced, probably, by the same sensitive shyness which was one of his most marked peculiarities.

This friend, named Roger Ashmore, was the son of a wealthy South Carolina lady; and it was not till he and Adrian Brewerton had been in the same class for several months together, that they discovered that Roger's mother was a second or third cousin

of Major Brewerton, and that her father had many years before emigrated from that country, which, naturally enough, occupies so much of the thoughts of the American people, though—not at all naturally—they are unwilling to admit the fact. Roger was a merry, dashing young man, fonder of a frolic than a book ; high-spirited, warm-hearted, generous to a fault ; but thoughtless, impetuous, and not very rigid in principle, often wounding without intention, and sometimes injuring where strong passion was to be gratified, without a thought of all the evils that he might bring upon others. Small in stature, and, to use the only term sufficiently expressive, uncommonly *neat* in person, he was a little vain of his personal appearance, and not a little careful to display it to the best advantage. Yet he had his peculiarities of taste, which strongly af-

fect his dress. His habitual costume was a complete suit of white broadcloth—ever without a speck—the materials for which had been imported from England, for his especial use; and though many wondered at this piece of foppery, no one ventured to ridicule it; for Roger Ashmore was somewhat fiery in his nature, and his anger was occasionally dangerous:

We need not dwell much farther upon the course of two young men at College, nor put upon record the sayings and doings of lads of eighteen or nineteen years of age, who had hardly commenced that active life which formed the first chapter of either in the world's history. We will therefore turn to an incident which peculiarly affected the course of Adrian Brewerton, merely premising that though companions and friends, as we have said, there were not a few of Roger Ashmore's pursuits in which, from

many motives, and some principles, Adrian took no part.

It was an afternoon, in the latter part of March. Small patches of snow still whitened here and there the bold summits of the surrounding hills. A warm, mid-day sun had softened the frozen ruts in the unpaved streets, and relieved the branches of the trees of a long accumulated mass of ice and sleet. A few pioneer birds had ventured northward upon the high south-wind, lured to colder regions by the deceitful promise of returning spring.

These days, so common to the climate of the northern parts of America, come from time to time, in the youth of every year, like the gleams of hope to a sanguine mind struggling against the early ills of life, as bright and cheering as if the heavy winter were over, though they are but too fre-

quently succeeded by a season of greater rigour than has gone before.

Talk of the beauties of the spring to the inhabitants of the eastern world. Here we hardly know it, except by these oases of sunshine—false harbingers of a summer, still far behind, which comes in its July intensity without any gentle transition or preparation. It is upon the autumn that all the loveliness of the year is lavished in New England. The balmy air, the changing leaf, the brilliant sky, all come then, giving a charm to the aged and declining year unknown to its stormy and struggling boyhood.

It was a Wednesday—then, as now, a half-holiday to the students. The frugal commons dinner at one o'clock was just over; and Adrian was alone in his melancholy room, on the fourth story of the an-

cient hall. The creak of a boot on the crazy staircase was succeeded by a rap at his door ; and the moment after, without waiting for an answer, Roger Ashmore entered.

“What a nuisance new boots are, to be sure,” was the young visitor’s first exclamation ; “these make as much noise as if my prime object were to disturb some professor’s evening doze. Upon the plantation I have a negro whose peculiar function is to break in my new boots, and an uncommon privilege he considers it, too. Here it might be difficult to find such a living, deputy boot-tree.”

Adrian smiled at the oddness of the conceit, not feeling quite certain that the main object of his companion might not be to call attention, both to a most perfectly adjusted piece of calf-skin, and to a remark-

ably small foot, the possession of which was as coquettishly prized by Roger, as it could have been by the daintiest lady. He perceived, however, that Roger Ashmore this day was not clad in his customary white costume; but had on a rough sort of shooting jacket, and glazed hat, as if bound upon some unusual adventure.

“Well, Roger,” said Adrian, as soon as the other had thrown, or rather dropped himself into one of those wooden-backed and wooden-seated chairs, which were veritable stools of repentance in those days, “pray what project have you on foot this afternoon? I see you are dressed out for an excursion.”

“I have engaged a boat for a sail in the bay,” replied Roger; “the weather is charming; there is just breeze enough; old John, the French deserter, has every thing in readiness, and you must positively go

along with me, instead of moping here, like a sentimental owl.”

“No, no, Roger,” replied Adrian, with a grave laugh—“if such a thing be possible, or whether it be possible or not—I have but little faith in your boat ; still less in the weather ; least of all, in your seamanship. Dull as my own companionship is to myself, I prefer enduring it to joining you in any fool-hardy freaks. Do be persuaded, Roger ; send word to old John, that you will not want his boat to-day ; and we will find some other means of passing the afternoon pleasantly.”

To say the truth, the eagerness of Adrian Brewerton to persuade his light-spirited companion to remain at home, proceeded, in some degree, from a doubt as to the objects and probable ends of his now frequent expeditions. He knew, too, that Roger was rash in all his pursuits ; and

there was something sad and foreboding in the fitful sobbing of the wind, which depressed the overwrought mind of the young student, and indisposed him for those active pleasures which, in his brighter hours, he might have sought as eagerly as even his friend.

“Pooh, nonsense, nonsense!” cried Roger, “come along with me, hermit, and I will give you a glimpse of the loveliest face you ever saw in your days—only one glimpse, however, remember; for as yet I have only had one glimpse myself—though I intend to have many more. But that glimpse will be worth a fortnight’s sunshine to you, Adrian,—come along, come along!”

The inducement was not only lost upon Adrian, but led him to press his companion still more earnestly to remain at the College. But Roger Ashmore was not to be dissuaded from his purposes. He had set his

heart upon going, and go he would. After having exhausted all his eloquence in vain upon Adrian, to persuade him to be one of the party, he ventured a parting jest at his friend's dulness, and dashed down the well-worn and time-shaken stairs, which creaked and groaned under his light weight, as if a whole regiment had been descending at full charge.

His friend watched him as long as his eye could follow, while he hurried across the College green, and down a street which passed between the opposite houses. Having been disturbed at the commencement in his hours of study, another train of thoughts had got possession of Adrian's mind : he could not shake them off ; and taking his hat, he prepared for a long ramble beyond the limits of the town. He felt very gloomy, and for a moment he almost reproached himself for having suffered Roger to go alone. " I might

have checked him in any folly," he said to himself, "or assisted him in any danger."

As soon as he was outside the building, however, he found every thing so bright and fair, that shadowy apprehensions seemed to vanish in the warm sunshine, though still an under-tone of solemn thought, like a deep bass to a sparkling treble, mingled, not inharmoniously, with the lighter and gayer feelings produced by the aspect of the scene around.

Some three miles from the town, stands an old mountain, famous in legendary annals of the Indian times. It is the last link of an extensive chain, which terminates here abruptly within sight of the ocean—the mighty earth-wave, halting, as it were, suddenly, as if the grandest development of the one element had been awed by the majesty of the other. Thither Adrian bent his steps,

and climbed upwards by an ascent, which lying, for some distance, over the slippery surface of the worn granite, was both painful and difficult. There was no particular road ; but about half-way up was a flat surface (*plateau*, the French would call it) of considerable extent, cleared by fire of all vegetation, except an occasional stunted cedar on the outskirts, growing up from between the crevices of the rock. To the left, as you ascended, were the remains of an Indian camp, occupied from time to time by a tribe long banished from the spot by the advance of civilized man, but who still made an annual pilgrimage to their ancient hunting-ground. The site of this camp dominated the whole surrounding country, and overlooked the sea for a considerable distance beyond a lighthouse which stood upon a sandy shoal at the entrance of the bay.

Here Adrian paused for a while, surveying the scene around him. Below, to the right, stretched forth a broad plain, encircled by hills on two sides, and extending seaward on a third in a long stretch of salt marsh, upon which the rank grass waved in luxuriant contrast to the bare and sombre surface of the surrounding country. Along the base of the mountain flowed a rapid stream—virgin in those days of dams and factories—a narrow channel in which, only, was as yet free from ice, the sides being still frozen and motionless. The current looked green and deep, as it tumbled onward in its mad haste, overflowing, from time to time, with an even surge, the smooth plates of ice still adhering to the banks.

Adrian let his eye run along its course, tracking it with a curious sort of interest as it wended onward towards the bay. Then

taking a small telescope from his pocket, he turned his view seaward. As far as his eye could reach, extended the ocean, until the waves met the horizon. The whole expanse of the sea, stirred by the wind, was sparkling under the bright sun, as if lightning were playing over its surface. Far out, hardly visible to the naked eye, two or three schooner-rigged Eastern traders were beating down for some Southern port. The bay itself was almost clear of sails ; but a single vessel of five or six tons, with all that grace and neatness of form and rig, so characteristic of the small craft of the American waters, was standing out under full canvas. Adrian, still gazing through his telescope, fancied that he could perceive and recognize a light and graceful form at the helm.

Every object that he beheld was strongly suggestive to his imaginative mind, and the

sight of that boat, and the real or fancied recognition of his friend, plunged him into a deep and somewhat strange reverie. "Here, starting from the same point, brought up in the same school, going forth with the same companions, how different may be—must be, his path and mine," thought the young man. "How different already! I take the mountain: he the sea. Whither will each path lead? To the same bourne, at last."

He went on long in the same train of meditation, still watching the little boat as it cut its way through the sparkling waves, until four strokes on the bell of the distant town clock warned him that it was time to make his way homeward.

In about another hour he was again seated near his window in the old building, awaiting the summons to evening prayer. An hour more passed, and then the cracked

voice of the college bell—the victim of many a gunpowder plot, in its crazy old tower—began its rattling appeal. For five minutes, leaping in a sort of measureless canter, it dinned its call upon the ears ; and then, after five minutes' silence, for five minutes more it tolled as solemnly as its paralytic efforts would permit.

Responsive to the call, the long file of gloomily dressed students wended their way to the open chapel, with a gravity in most of their faces characteristic of the people, and of the times. Occasionally a jacket and light trowsers relieved the monotony of the almost stereotyped uniform of black. The faces of the greater number were full of character and meaning—not very cheerful, it must be confessed ; but indicative of resolution and of thought. Here walked, side by side, the youth just emancipated from

the nursery, and the matured man, who, feeling a call to labour among the heathen, had left the plough for theology, at a time of life when most people's stock of divinity is required for their own occasions upon the edge of the grave. Here were the dark-eyed, delicate-featured child of the Maryland Catholic, and the heavy-browed, stern-looking descendant of the Massachusetts puritan: here, the gay and pushing New-Yorker, not without his own peculiar share of cuteness, and the steady-going, persevering, self-denying lad of Connecticut. And yet there was a bond of sympathy which united all these incongruous natures—the bond of common interests, and common pursuits.

The last vibration of the bell had died away upon the ear; the shuffling of feet, hurrying up the uncarpeted aisles, had ceased;

and all were quietly seated in the unpainted and uncushioned slips, into which the chapel was divided. Slowly, the venerable president ascended the pulpit ; the only ornament on which was a scarlet cushion for the word of God to rest upon. He went through the customary prayers, and thank-offerings, with a grave and steady voice ; but as the congregation was about to separate, the president demanded a moment's attention.

Many smiled, thinking they were about to hear an admonition in regard to some breach of established discipline. But their smiles were frozen upon their faces, when, in faltering tones, and simple language, and his hard features quivering with emotion, the stern-looking, soft-hearted old man announced that their young companion, Roger Ashmore, had that evening been drowned

in the bay, and that his body had not been rendered up by the sea!

For a moment a deep low murmur, like a groan, swelled through the room; and then each rushed to the door, without order, and without respect for precedence. One strong, painful, sorrowful feeling swallowed up all others, and overcame even habit—often more powerful than nature herself. Once outside of the chapel, an informal meeting was immediately held, and it was determined that all the students should proceed, in a body, to the shore, as nearly opposite to the spot where the accident had occurred as could be ascertained. With that spirit of rapid organization, which seems inherent in the American people, the whole proceedings were very speedily arranged, and it was even resolved by the young men to drag with them an old field-piece, which

had long rested in peaceful inactivity upon the town square, for the purpose of firing over the water, in the hope, according to a very prevalent opinion, of bringing the corpse to the surface by that means.

One only stood aloof from this conference ; and he the one who was most deeply interested. Adrian took no part in the general movement, but acted for himself. The shock of the first announcement seemed almost to have stunned him ; but the re-action nerved him again to instant exertion. Exertion, indeed, might be vain, and the bringing of a lifeless body from the waves to the shore, might seem to the cold eye of reason no object worthy of any very rapid effort ; but he was not one to argue such questions with himself in such an hour. After pausing for a few moments, as if stupified, he rushed to the only place in the town where a carriage

was to be procured, and ordered the horses to be put to, instantly. There was but little time lost; for as he sprang into the carriage and drove off, the procession of the students was just forming for their gloomy pilgrimage. The driver seemed to comprehend, and sympathise with his motives, and the horses flew on with him towards the sea. Then was the time for bitter reveries. His brain seemed to whirl with the intensity of thought. One dark picture, always the same in substance, but varying in form, as with the changes of a kaleidoscope, shut out all the rest of the universe. His friend was lost—lost in an expedition which he had refused to share—lost, when he, perhaps, might have saved him!

Onward the horses went, as fast as they could go, now keeping the road, now diverging upon the sandy beach, as they fol-

lowed the southern side of the bay. But Adrian's impatience flew in advance of them ; and it was only when at last they drew up at the mouth of a small creek, near which the accident was rumoured to have occurred, and the young man sprang out upon the shingle, that he felt how impotent was that impatience, and regretted that he had not remained with his companions.

For a weary hour, he wandered about upon the shore, before the great body of the students came up. There was no human being near, no house in sight, save a few fishermen's huts, dimly seen on the other shore of the bay, and one building amongst them of a somewhat more pretentious character.

In vain Adrian stretched his eyes over the deep, rolling expanse of waters. Occasionally, indeed, a darker shadow on the

side of one wave would seem, to his excited imagination, a floating body ; but the next instant the billow rolled away, and the fancy was dispelled. He felt at that moment, perhaps, the agony of eagerness to do something without the power of doing aught, more strongly than it is ever felt—except in sleep.

At length the procession, of which a faint glimpse had been caught from time to time, as it painfully followed the windings of the shore, arrived at the spot where he stood. The young men had dragged the cannon, which was mounted upon wooden wheels, the entire distance by their own exertions, all working in turns by relays. Little was said after their arrival. The gun was charged and fired : the echo died away in the distant hills, and the smoke, looking like a blueish, white mist upon the dark

surface of the waters, was wafted away by the wind. But nothing followed. As far as they could see, in the darkness, the body did not rise. Nevertheless, they persevered ; thinking that, perhaps, it might float at length, and be drifted to the shore. Again, and again, was the gun fired, each time with as little apparent effect as the first.

It was not until midnight, that any thing like a consultation was held ; and then, not yet convinced of the fruitlessness of their efforts, it was determined that the firing should be continued at intervals, while the whole party watched throughout the rest of the night. The young men decided, too, that if nothing were found by day-break, some of their number should be despatched to the town for provisions, while the rest crossed over to the other side of the bay, to search the shore in that direction.

So passed that sad and solemn night, with nothing to be heard but the monotonous washing of the waves, the whistling of the wind, and the heavy booming of the cannon. All, too, was dark and objectless across the waters, except when, at regular intervals, the revolving light at the mouth of the harbour threw its glare upon the waves, or the flash of the gun illuminated, for an instant, the long, low line of coast, that stretched out on the opposite side of the bay.

At length the morning dawned ; but the body of Roger Ashmore was not to be seen ; and haggard were the countenances, and sad the looks, which the early sun-shine made visible, as the student-band again took up its line of march. Few words were spoken ; but there was determination, as well as sadness, in every face.

Fatigue, however, is a strange tamer of strong hearts ; and when, after nearly four hours of painful journeying, the opposite shore was reached, many threw themselves upon the sand of the beach, utterly exhausted, to obtain a few hours sleep. Shortly after noon, when some refreshments had arrived and had been partaken of, the search and the firing of the gun were resumed. Nothing, however, resulted ; the corpse was not found. The students kept no longer any regular order ; and as evening approached, discouraged and worn out in body and in mind, they dropped away, in bands of two or three at a time, leaving the old cannon imbedded nearly up to the nave of the wheels in the loose sand of the sea shore. At length, when the sun was setting, only one of all the number remained behind.

CHAPTER IV.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
As seeking not to know it ; silent, lone
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she drew,
The spirit seemed as seated on a throne
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength—most strange in one so young.

BYRON. "*Don Juan.*"

ADRIAN stood upon the low sandy beach,
and watched the slow heaving of the ocean.
It was a dark and solemn scene around him
—grand from its very vast monotony. To
the eye of the beholder, the rise of the
sandy banks, which formed the bay, was
hardly perceptible—so slight, indeed, that

it might very well have passed, in the gray twilight, for a somewhat higher roll of the ocean, as the billows flowed heavily in upon the coast. The opposite side of the bay could not be distinguished at all from the sea, except by a rippling line of white, probably caused by the curl of the wave dashing upon the shore. Between, lay the wide expanse of water, in long lines marked out by different depths of shadow, with here and there a gleam of brighter light finding its way through the clouds above, and falling on the surface of the troublous ocean ; for the wind, as it hurried on, with a long, quiet, equable, rushing sound, seemed to drive the vapours above into the same wide billows as those into which it forced the sea below.

A few shells, some thin and scattered blades of grass, a boat here and there drawn

up upon the sand, and the top of a fisherman's cottage, rising up from beyond the first row of sand hills, were the only other objects present ; while the setting sun, now nearly, if not actually below the horizon, tinted the edges of the dark sweeping clouds with a heavy red, mingling with the gray, and making the aspect of the heavens not more, but rather less gay than that of the sea and land below. Here and there, occasionally, it seemed as if an eye were opened in the clouds ; and a bright beam would pour forth, down upon the glassy waves below, and gild them with a momentary splendour. Nothing else was to be seen—nothing gave the prospect any variety, or any cheerfulness, except the contrasts of colouring—green, and red, and yellow, and deep blue—produced alone by the light and shade of the hour.

That evening colouring is always solemn, associating itself naturally with “the death of each day’s life;” but, in this instance, the association was more solemn, more gloomy still. Another life was extinguished than that of day—a life for which there was no earthly resurrection. For him who was gone, no rosy morn would break: in his brightness and his strength he had gone down, after a brief course, never to rise again upon the eyes which had beheld him. There had been clouds and shadows; but there had been much splendour also: there had been genial warmth, though sometimes too fierce a heat; and all that was remembered by Adrian at that moment was the good and the admirable, while every flaw and fault were forgotten. But, mingling with the sorrowful memories and deep regrets in his meditative and susceptible mind,

were other feelings and thoughts, strange, new, and awful. When he thought of the gay and brilliant being, full of animal life and daring courage, and ceaseless activity, who had perished in those dark melancholy waters—when he pictured him in memory, as he had appeared when they last met, with the flush of health upon his face, and reckless daring in his aspect, and the fire of what seemed unextinguishable life in his eyes, and thought that he lay there beneath those solemn waves, silent, and cold, and still—a fair shaped mass of clay—hurrying to corruption—he asked himself, where had passed that ethereal essence which had been the lamp of the temple, and given living light to the whole?—what had become of the keen eager intellect?—whither had gone the bold, reckless spirit, with all its faults and all its excellences?—where

had fled the bright soul with its warm-hearted sympathies, its thrilling emotions, its lightness, its caprices, its varieties? Was it overwhelmed beneath those long shadowy billows, or had it burst forth with the last gurgling breath to find a purer and a higher dwelling than the earth?

Religion, Faith, Hope said yea! But there is something terribly mortal in death to the young mind. It is the body—the mere frail, mortal body, with which our nearest and closest communion is held. We know, and see, and feel, and touch the outward form—we only divine the spirit. When the body lies in the dust, there our communion ends; for the long lapse of human life at least. Certainty is exhausted. Mystery and darkness lie beyond; and though the lamp of Faith may be bright, and sufficient to lead us safely on our own

narrow path, its rays, in the mists and shadows of the unseen world, have but a narrow sphere, and are insufficient to light distinctly the objects before or around us. In the impenetrable gloom mighty phantasms may flit across, and angel forms obtain a momentary radiance, but dim, dim, and faint, is the outline of all we descry, and we can but clasp our hands and cry, "I come on the appointed road, oh Father of all Spirits! Be thou my staff and my guide in this valley of the shadow of death!"

He stood and meditated on such awful themes with a sad heart and a troubled spirit, till the rosiest streaks faded away from the clouds above, and the last gleam departed from the bosom of the waters. A light mist sprang up, and hung along the edges of the bay, while a long train of

ducks took their flight westward, their wings clanging over his head with a melancholy sound. It startled him from his reverie ; and looking once more upon the waters, he said, “ No, no ! I will not leave you, so long as he lies beneath ; ” and turning round, he walked slowly over the sand hills, along a track, cut by some cart wheels, and furrowed also by the keels of several boats, which were occasionally pushed down it from the higher ground to the sea. It led him straight over the first ridge to the door of the house which he had seen, without remarking, from the other side of the bay. It was a small, neat, wooden dwelling, painted white, around which two or three shade trees, as they are called, had been induced to grow with great difficulty. They rose up barely to the caves, which were not very high ; but at all events they served to

shelter the windows from the glare of the sun, while the cool breath of the ocean found its way easily through the thin leaves and straggling branches.

Without ceremony, Adrian knocked at the door, to ask a lodging for the night; and a marvellously sweet-toned woman's voice answered from within, bidding him enter. On going in, he found himself at the door of a little room on his right hand, in which he saw, by the faint gleam of a small fire, a shadowy figure seated by it knitting. The eyes were apparently turned towards him, and probably, more accustomed to the darkness of the room than his own, they distinguished easily enough that the visitor was a stranger.

“My father is not in,” said the same sweet voice; “but I expect him back from sea every minute, if you want him.”

Adrian briefly explained his object ; and the young girl, for so his companion apparently was, seemed, at first, a little puzzled. “I must not take upon me to answer you,” she said, after hesitating for a moment. “I do not think my father is a man to send a traveller away at nightfall. He will be back soon—at least, I hope so, for he has been longer away than usual—since yesterday morning at two o’clock. If you will wait for him, I don’t think you need go farther. Stay, I will light a candle ; for it is growing very dark, and I am beginning to be a little alarmed: there has been such rough weather, and a poor young man was drowned yesterday. Whenever that happens, it makes us who stay at home think sadly of those who are out at sea.”

She had continued talking, while she quietly lighted a candle ; and Adrian was

about to answer; but the sudden blaze, lighting up a face of extraordinary beauty, and displaying a form of wonderful delicacy and symmetry, rendered him dumb for a moment with surprise and admiration. The young girl before him was probably not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, not very tall, but yet in perfect womanhood. The graceful flowing of the lines over her whole form, especially when she moved to and fro in the little parlour, had something which might be called almost luxurious in it. The rich rounding of all the limbs, and yet the great delicacy of all their proportions, were such as are seldom seen, even in the sheltered hothouse plants of the higher or the wealthier circles. The small, delicate foot and hand, the tapering fingers, the bosom heaving beneath its modest covering, the length from the hip to

the knee, the smallness of the waist, and yet the perfect ease, which showed that no movement was hampered by dress, and no point of symmetry produced by art,—all seemed to belong to another sphere than the small cottage, and the life of labour.

The face, too, was in harmony with the whole, exquisitely chiselled, delicate in complexion, clear as a bright summer evening, with the eyes as blue as heaven, the eyelashes long and dark like the fringes of the night, and the eyebrow clearly but gently traced beneath the ivory palace of the soul. All the features, to the eyes of Adrian at least, seemed perfection—almost too bright and beautiful for earth indeed, had it not been for the warm, rosy, somewhat pouting lips, and the rich gleamy, brown hair, which in the glossy tangle of its curls seemed to link the angel to the human nature.

While all this beauty had been pouring in upon his sight, his fair companion had not failed to examine, with some care, the intruder upon her solitude. There was nothing inquisitive or obtrusive in her gaze; though it could not be called exactly shy; for there was a tranquillity in it which shyness does not tolerate. She seemed speedily satisfied with her guest's appearance, however, placed the candle on the table, took her seat again, and resumed her work. She did not speak again for a minute or two; and Adrian, although his mind was full of her and her beauty, had time to give a hurried glance round the room, with that instinctive feeling which teaches us that the character of every one, but more especially a woman, is generally more or less displayed by the objects with which she habitually surrounds herself. In the present case all

was in good keeping. The room was homely enough, the furniture was plain, but everything was scrupulously neat ; and in one corner was a small piano, then an article of considerable cost, while a little book-case hung above, bearing on its shelves a much more extensive assortment of books than is usually to be found in a cottage, even in a land where education is universal, and reading a passion.

As we have endeavoured to show, there was a certain degree of shyness about Adrian Brewerton—that sort and degree which is almost always the share of susceptible and imaginative people. He felt that to sit there in silence was awkward ; and yet, as his fair companion was silent, he hesitated to renew the conversation. He forced himself at length, however, to inquire whether her father was frequently at sea.

“Oh yes,” replied the girl, with a smile. “Do you not know my father is Israel Keelson, the fisherman, who supplies almost the whole town? He has four boats, and people in them; but still he will go to sea himself. It has been his custom from his boyhood; and though an old man now, he cannot forbear it.”

“Are you not sometimes fearful for his safety?” asked Adrian, wondering at her calmness, when his own thoughts were all full of the doings of that terrible element on which this man’s way of life was cast.

There was something very peculiar in his tone, and the girl looked up, gazing at him enquiringly. “Yes,” she answered, “I am often anxious, and very much alarmed when he is longer absent than usual. But yet, perhaps, I do not feel it so much as you would do. It was my lot to be born a

fisherman's daughter ; and I have seen him go out two or three times every week, ever since I can remember any thing. I have thus become accustomed to it, and probably, from habit, should forget the danger altogether, if every now and then some terrible event did not happen, to show how real the perils are. There was one the other day ; and I saw it all with my own eyes. It is that which makes me rather more timid and anxious to-night ; for I expected my father back some hours ago."

"Then you witnessed the whole scene," said Adrian, thinking she spoke of the unhappy fate of his friend. "Tell me, I beseech you, how did it happen?"

"I do not like to think of it," replied the beautiful girl, "and yet the sight comes back upon my mind very often, like a frightful picture—or a dream. The boats

had all gone out before daylight, as they usually do—just three weeks ago on Monday. Two of them came home very soon ; and my father's own boat was the second. The wind had freshened a good deal, and blew right into the bay ; but yet I have known the wind much higher, and the sea seeming to run much more roughly. My father was anxious, however, for his men ; and went down to the shore and looked out with his glass. It was raining a little, and the spray dashing ; but I went down after him, and stood beside him, till we saw two boats come scudding in over the dark line where the bay opens to the ocean. My father then said, ' There they are ; it's all safe now.—Go in, my child ;' but he still stayed on the beach himself ; and though I did as he told me, I went to the upper window to watch. One boat was about half a mile before the

other ; and the first came dashing along, tipping over the waves, as if they were its playfellows. It did not seem to me more than a quarter of a mile from the landing-place, and I could see John Lincoln standing up to furl the sail. Poor fellow ! he was a good young man, and had not been married above five or six months. I thought they were quite safe ; but all in a moment the boat reeled terribly, came with her broad-side to the waves, and went over. There were five men in the boat, and all of them had wives or children, or sisters round about. It seemed as if every one of their friends knew of the accident in a moment ; for I hardly saw what had happened, when there was a terrible scream from the different houses round, and the beach was covered with people. I screamed, and ran out too ; and the sight was so terrible I hardly knew

what I did. I saw or three of the men, whom I knew well, struggling in the water, sometimes rising over the waves, sometimes hidden beneath them; and I could have rushed in myself to give them help. Poor John Lincoln, who could not swim, was clinging to the boat, and his wife stood close by me, shrieking terribly. All the women, indeed, were shrieking and wringing their hands. My father and the other men, however, ran a boat down in a minute; and half my thoughts were for them; for the waves were breaking sharply on the shore, and I thought the boat would be swamped. But when they got beyond the surf, and I looked out beyond them to see again, I could only descry two men upon the water, and one still clinging to the boat. Two had gone down for ever. A third suddenly disappeared before my father could reach them;

but they got hold of the fourth, and drew him in amongst them. That caused a little delay, and oh, how poor John Lincoln's young wife shrieked during that moment ! Well might she shriek, poor thing ; for, just when my father's boat was within a hundred yards of him, a higher wave than the rest shook him from his hold, and he, too, disappeared."

The girl put her hand before her eyes, as if she would shut the sight out from memory ; and Adrian bent his head, and remained silent for several moments, saying to himself, "There are greater misfortunes in this world, than such a death as that of Roger Ashmore."

"It must have been a frightful scene, indeed," he said at length, "and your father's next parting from you must have been very painful. I came down here, with a number

of others, to seek for the body of a young companion, who was drowned in the bay yesterday. He parted from us, full of life, and health, and hope, without ever dreaming of danger; and now he lies beneath those waters, cold, and still enough. Where is his spirit gone?" he continued, recurring to the train of thought in which he had indulged upon the beach. "Where is now the home of that bright, ardent soul?"

"As has been his life," replied the girl, in a tone almost solemn, "so will be his resting-place. I heartily believe, that here, upon this earth, we work out an after-destiny. We are building for the future, and must inhabit where we have built—Do you not think so?"

"I do," answered Adrian; "but yet there are strange thoughts cross my brain at times. I suppose they trouble the minds

of all, more or less, these longings to pierce the dim, shadowy curtain which hangs between life and life, — to look beyond this present which walls us in—to know something tangible, real, of that wild, interminable future—that ocean of endless waters which lies beyond the sandy shore of this existence, flowing whither we know not. I often feel, as I look forward, as Columbus must have felt, when, standing on the verge of the Atlantic, he looked out upon the mysterious immensity before him, and asked himself, “What beyond?”

“Oh, no!” answered the beautiful girl;
“Oh, no! he never felt so.”

“Why not?” asked Adrian suddenly, and almost sharply. “Why should he not feel so?”

“Because,” she replied, in a low, timid, but very grave tone, “because he had the

certainty of science ; and had you true faith, you would have the certainty of revelation.”

Adrian almost started ; for the idea of a want of faith had never been so palpably presented to his mind before. He looked gloomily down, for a moment, questioning his own heart ; but his beautiful young companion seemed to think that she must have offended him, and she added, in a quiet soothing tone, “ It is bold of me, I know, to say such things ; but I did not mean to pain you, sir ; and it is well for us, sometimes, to think seriously how much we believe, and how much we doubt.”

Adrian’s impulsive nature hurried him away, and crossing over the room, at once, he took her hand, repeating several times, “ I thank you ! I thank you ! You have given me a light — a light into the mysterious darkness of my own heart. Yes, I

will search the cavern to the deepest nook — I will no longer have doubts. I will believe, or not believe. Nay, nay ! I do believe. But still it would be some satisfaction could we, even for a moment, overstep the great gulph ; or could one of those who have changed their habitation from a mortal to an immortal state, recross the bridge of death, and give us some assurance of what is beyond. Methinks, then, a man would believe more fully. It would be conviction, rather than belief.”

“ Rather than faith,” replied his lovely companion. “ If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would they believe if one went to them from the dead.” “ But would you not be frightened ?” she asked, in a lighter tone, as if she found such grave subjects somewhat inappropriate to

her age and her sex ; “ Would you not be frightened, if some spectre were to take you at your word, and coming to you in the darkness of the night, tell you the awful secrets which you now so earnestly desire ? ”

“ Not in the least,” replied Adrian boldly. “ To see one of these spirits—spectres, as you call them—if such things be allowed to appear—and taking for granted man’s immortality, and a world of sentient beings beyond the grave, it is hardly possible to suppose it otherwise—to see one of these spirits, and to question him as to the state of his being, and the mysterious immortality before us, has always been a strong desire with me. I seek for the definite and true, in all things, and I do not think that the appearance of any disembodied soul would give me the least alarm.”

He went on for some time farther in the

same strain, and his fair companion replied, sometimes in a grave, and sometimes in a more lively tone ; but with a degree of talent and information such as Adrian had seldom met with before, and never in a woman. For nearly an hour, their conversation was thus prolonged, wandering over a thousand subjects, differing very much from each other ; for each followed where the conversation led, and each spoke his thoughts plainly, pausing not to keep up any very definite line of argument, but reasoning on each separate topic, with a light, fanciful, and wandering course, till, at length, a well-known shout upon the beach gave the girl intimation that her father had arrived in safety, and, starting joyfully up, she hurried to the door.

CHAPTER V.

How pale appear
Those clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigour glow'd!
O dismal spectacle! How humbly now
Lies that ambition which was late so proud!

SMOLLETT. "*The Regicide.*"

"You are very welcome, sir," said a tall, fine-looking old man, with white hair, following Adrian's fair companion into the room, and shaking hands with him frankly. "You are very welcome, sir; and we'll do our best to make you comfortable, though the house is a very small one, and you will have but small room. I don't exactly know your name, but I think I've seen your face

up at the town, amongst the lads at College.”

“Most probably,” replied his young visitor. “My name is Adrian Brewerton, and I am, as you say, a student.”

“Ay ! you used to lodge at Madam Copland’s,” said the fisherman, drawing off an enormous pair of heavy boots. “I know now. But what is this they tell me?—that one of your young gentlemen was drowned yesterday, here in the bay?”

“It is too true, indeed,” replied his young guest. “He was my companion and friend, and I cannot make up my mind to quit the spot, so long as his body remains beneath the waters.”

“Sit down, sir—pray, sit down,” said the fisherman ; “we’ll have some supper in a minute ; for I’m hungry enough, the wind having chopped round off the point, so that

we were kept out till we had nothing to eat. Pray, what was the name of your friend who was drowned?"

Adrian told him, and the fisherman's countenance changed a good deal. It grew grave, and even stern; but Israel Keelson was not a man to keep back his thoughts, whatever they were; and after a momentary pause, he said, "I am sorry he *was* your friend and companion—I don't think you could have had a much worse. We ought not to speak ill of the dead, they say; and certainly he did no harm to me or mine, but many a one here he did wrong in several ways, and I may say, at least, that I am sorry he was your friend."

Adrian heard him with very strange and mingled emotions. An hour or two before, if any one had spoken ill of Roger Ashmore, he would have answered sharply — even

angrily ; and his cheek did flush a little, and his brow contracted ; but yet there was some new feeling in his heart which kept that hot response back, as it was springing to his lips: He knew not well, why or wherefore ; but there was something exceedingly painful to him in being called the friend and companion of one whose character and acts he could not defend, in the presence of the beautiful girl who stood hard by. Had he been able to justify the dead, to show that his conduct had been misrepresented, his character mistaken, he would have defended him before any one, or in any circumstances ; but he felt that he could not do so, and the faults which before had seemed slight, had now, by some strange influence, become aggravated in his eyes, and he feared that even the old fisherman and his daughter should attribute to him

a participation in his comrade's offences. There was a momentary struggle in his mind between two impulses, and it was not till after he had thought for a time in silence, that he replied: "Poor fellow! He had his faults, Mr. Keelson; but he has gone to give his account of them; and he had his virtues and good qualities also. The latter were less apparent to the world in general than the former. God sees all! But this I will say, though his friend and his companion, I had no share in any of the acts to which, doubtless, you object. There might be many ties between us of old friendship, boyish companionship, family regard, and connection, without our being linked together in any thing that is evil; and now he is dead, I would fain think only of that which was noble, and generous, and good in his nature, and forget all that

was wrong, or foolish, or light. The companions of his gayer or brighter hours have soon dropped away, and given up the search for his body ; but I remain, and will remain, till I find it.”

“ That’s right ! that’s right ! ” said the old fisherman heartily ; “ Vicious friendships are never lasting ; and, although they say, ‘ Tell me a man’s companions, and I will tell you the man, ’ it is a rule I have known fail very often——Now, my dear, tell Kitty to bring the supper ; for she is long enough about it, and I am half starving.”

Adrian wondered who this same Kitty could be ; but it turned out that she was only an old negro woman, a servant in the family, and as soon as she had placed the simple meal upon the table, the old man invited his guest to be seated, and took his own place at the board, putting his hands

together, and saying reverently, "Lord, bless and sanctify thy mercies to our use, for Christ's sake."

Adrian was exhausted and faint with watching, wandering, and want of food; for he had tasted nothing since the preceding day at an early hour, except a small portion of the scanty viands which had been brought down from the town at noon. Nevertheless, he had no appetite. A sick, oppressive feeling, whenever he thought of poor Roger Ashmore, lying there beneath the waters of the bay, made him loathe the thought of food, and after having forced himself to swallow a few mouthfuls, he laid down his knife and fork. The old fisherman had been talking of indifferent subjects in a quiet tone; but his eye—a clear, bright, hazel eye, which seemed to have kept its youth in despite of time—turned

to his young guest every now and then, with a grave and marking look.

“ You don’t eat,” he said at length. “ What is the matter, young man ? ”

“ I have not yet got over the shock of my friend’s death,” replied Adrian. “ I know well that if griefs and regrets do not themselves pass away with time, their effects upon the body do, and that men go about the world, in a few months after the bitterest losses, to all appearances as if they had lost nothing. But this occurred very lately—was very sudden—and there were also many painful circumstances attending it. Besides, I have been wandering about here since last night at nine o’clock, seeking for my poor friend’s body, which we have not been able to find.”

“ I should think that mattered little,” replied the old fisherman, in a homely man-

ner, but in no ill chosen language. "Did you find the corpse, you could but put it in the earth. The ocean affords as wide a grave, the waters as calm a sepulchre. But people have different notions of these things. For my part, I would rather lie beneath the glittering waves on a sunshiny day, than in the quietest nook of a country churchyard. Yet, I do not mean to say you are wrong. Every one feels according to his habits, and you, I dare say, have been brought up on the land."

"I have very rarely been upon the water at all," replied Adrian, "and I shall ever, after to-day, hate the sea, on account of my friend's fate."

"The land takes its number, and the waters their own," replied the fisherman. "Had he lived to be as old as Abraham, he must have died at last: though it is a pity,

too, to see a young lad taken away so early, and that before he has had time either to repent or to atone."

Adrian was silent ; and the beautiful girl looked at him earnestly and compassionately, as if she thought her father's somewhat stern words might be too hard for him.

But the old man was softer at heart than his exterior betrayed ; and as soon as the simple supper was over, he rose and took his hat, saying, "I am going out for a bit, my child. I want to speak a word with Davie."

"What, Davie the fool?" asked his daughter, with a look of some surprise.

Keelson merely nodded his head ; and as soon as he was gone, Adrian enquired who was the person he had gone to visit, with such an unenviable epithet attached to his name.

“He is a poor, simple man,” replied the girl in a mild tone, “perfectly harmless, and not without some curious shrewdness. He is always prowling about in this neighbourhood, and every body is very kind to him, for he does no wrong to any one, but often serves, when he knows how.”

She then, with woman’s sweetest art, laboured hard for nearly half an hour, to win the thoughts of Adrian away from the painful subject which she believed engrossed them.

She little knew how much she herself shared in the young man’s thoughts at that moment; nor how often the reply which struck her as strangely interesting and touching, when he answered any thing she said, had been influenced by feelings which she herself had created. Of course, no words of tenderness—no expression of ad-

miration—no lover-like speech, or suitor's flattery, passed the lips of Adrian Brewerton at that moment; but yet there was something in his tone, in his looks, in his words even, which, every now and then, made the young girl's heart thrill with new and pleasant emotions—nay, once or twice brought the warm blood for an instant into her cheek—not at any strangeness in his language, but at the strangeness of her own sensations.

They were thus talking quietly across the table, when the old man, her father, opened the door suddenly, and put in his head, saying, “Now, young gentleman, I see you won't be happy till you have found the body of your poor friend; so, if you like to come along with me, I will go and drag a bit. I think I have got a notion of where he went down.”

“Nobody saw where he sank,” replied Adrian, rising; “but I am ready to try any thing—with or without hope.”

“There was one person saw him go down,” said old Keelson; “and though his account of any thing is not the clearest, poor creature, yet I think I can hit the place.”

“Oh! father, do not go to-night,” said the girl earnestly. “This gentleman knows nothing about boats, he says; and if you two go alone, you may both be lost likewise.”

“Pooh! nonsense, girl,” said the old man with a laugh; “besides, James is going with us, and Ben Herring, who can swim as well as his namesake, and I dare say the gentleman can swim too.”

“I can, indeed,” replied Adrian, somewhat bitterly: “and that makes what I feel

the more painful ; for poor Ashmore asked me to go with him, and I refused. Perhaps, if I had gone, I might have saved him."

"More likely you would have been drowned yourself," replied the old fisherman ; "for it was a very long swim to the shore from where he went down, and the sea was running very high at that time. It is getting quite still now, so don't you be frightened, my child. No harm will happen. Get me the lantern, my dear. The lads have run down the boat by this time."

But Ella was frightened ; for the mind, though it may, by habit, become so much accustomed to perils, as almost to lose a consciousness of their existence, is soon re-awakened when their magnitude and proximity have been brought tangibly home to

the heart. Anxiously, apprehensively she sat for more than one hour after her father and Adrian Brewerton had departed. She could not work, she could not read. The first occupation left thought too free; the second could not chain it down strongly enough to resist the impulse in another direction. From time to time, she tried both, however; but still the mind wandered, with a feeling of awe and dread, towards the bosom of the waters, and she listened eagerly for the sighing of the wind, asking herself, what fate that breeze might be bringing to those upon the ocean.

Suddenly, at the end of the second hour, she heard the outer door of the house open, and then a hand was laid upon the latch of the room where she was sitting. The next instant, a stout, broad-set young man, with a frank countenance, but a somewhat sensi-

tive and impetuous gleam in the eye, put his head in, saying abruptly, "They have found him, Ella. They have found him, at length, and are bringing him up to the house. You had better go into some other room; for they must carry him straight in here, till Davie brings down a carriage to take him home. Hark! they are coming—go away, go away!"

"No, James, I would rather not," replied the beautiful girl. "Why should I fear the sight of a dead man? It is well to look upon such things at times."

He urged her strongly to go; but she persisted in her resolution; and with a look of some mortification, he turned away towards the door, just as old Israel Keelson and Adrian Brewerton approached, bearing in their arms the corpse of poor Roger Ashmore.

When she heard their step, Ella Keelson, with a blanched cheek, but a firm hand and a calm eye, took up the light, and held back the door to give them admission. The sight of death is almost always more or less terrible to the mortal creature; but there is something more terrible than usual when the dead was young. There seems something unnatural in it—something repugnant to our instinctive notions of the duration of life, to behold the marks of the clammy grave upon a youthful form. Death seems to belong to age; and youth has no harmony with it. It is a harsh discord in the midst of life's music.

Painful was the sight, as the yellow light of the candle fell upon the pale, calm features of the corpse, while they bore him in, with the long, black hair, wet with the waters in which he had yielded his breath,

streaming over his friend's arm, and showering salt drops upon the floor. There was no agony upon the countenance—no trace of that fearful struggle for breath, which we picture with such terrors. The face was as calm as that of a sleeping child—the body falling easily and uncontorted; but yet to the eyes of Ella it was an awful sight. She knew not from what motive; but, after the first glance at the countenance of the corpse, she raised her eyes suddenly to that of Adrian Brewerton, which was pale, but much more tranquil than in the preceding part of the evening. From some sort of vague impulse, her look glanced on towards the passage seen through the open door, and there her eyes met those of the young man, called James, fixed earnestly upon her. There was nothing sullen, or harsh, or angry in them, but something very sad.

She withdrew her glance instantly, and retired a step or two, while old Keelson exclaimed, "Open that door, my child. We must lay him on the bed."

Ella hastened to obey, and slowly carrying the corpse to a small bed-room behind the parlour, they removed the sheets and placed it on the mattress.

"Pull off the boots at once," said old Keelson, "or we shall never get the feet out. Bodies swell when they have been long in the water."

It was already impossible to draw the boots off; and Adrian, with a shudder, as he remembered the incidents of the preceding morning, and the little traits of vanity he had remarked, now cut the boots from the small and delicate feet of the unhappy young man, and cast them from him somewhat vehemently.

Ella held the light while this was done, and the group of her father and herself, Adrian, and two or three of the boatmen, stood round about the bed, for several minutes, in profound silence, gazing at the face of the corpse. A slight murmur then rose, as some of the spectators began to ask a question, or make some observation to a neighbour ; but the old fisherman, who had great rule and authority in the place, speedily interfered, saying, "There, my friends—there ! You have looked at him enough, I think. This young gentleman is his friend and relation ; and he must feel a good deal differently from what you do. It is heavy rowing when all hands don't pull together ; so you had better go, and leave him with us. We have sent for a carriage to take the body back to the College, which the poor lad left yesterday afternoon, as blythe and lifesome as any of

us. There will be many a heavy heart for this young man's loss; and, as there is one here present, it will be better that he should be left alone till the first sad business is quite over."

The old man's little speech had its full effect. The two or three fishermen who had entered took their departure, and nobody remained with Adrian but Ella and her father, and the young man called James, who seemed a privileged guest.

Little was said for the next hour and a quarter; but then the grating sound of wheels was heard in the sand, and then a loud, and even a gay shout; after which a voice exclaimed, "Here are the horses! Here are are the horses! We have driven like mad to carry the dead; and if he goes back at the same rate, they may shake him alive again."

While these sounds were being uttered, the door of the outer room once more opened, and a man, somewhat below the middle height, thin, but well-formed enough, but with a countenance having that queer, sly expression, which often seems to indicate, in the faces of what are called half-witted people, the extinction of the higher, and the acumination of some of the inferior qualities of the mind, entered with a light and jaunty step, almost as if he came on some occasion of merry-making. When he beheld the sad and solemn group, however, still standing round the bed, and the cold, marble face of the dead, his transient gaiety seemed reprovèd, and he walked onward upon tiptoes, as if afraid of waking Roger Ashmore from his sleep.

“The carriage is here, Master Keelson,” he said, “and the horses all ready ; but who

is to ride with the dead? There won't be much talk by the way, I guess;—who is going to take the silent drive?"

As he spoke, he fixed his eyes keenly upon the young boatman, James; but the other answered somewhat sharply, "Not I, Davie; be sure of that. I wouldn't for a hundred dollars!"

"Strange—strange!" said Davie, with a look of intense thought—marvellously intense for one of his condition: "Strange that people should be afraid of the dead who were never afraid of the living. He could do nobody any harm if they were shut up in the same grave with him. Very odd, James—isn't it? Yet I shouldn't like to go either."

"I will go," said Adrian Brewerton, calmly. "Nobody else will be needed."

"Come, lend a hand at least, James!"

said old Mr. Keelson, somewhat sternly. "Lend a hand to bear in the corpse. Some one may have to do you the same good turn some day."

The young man complied with apparent reluctance, while Adrian took up his hat, and buttoned his coat, and Ella followed with a light, though Davie, the fool, as they called him, was already holding the lantern at the outer door.

The corpse was carried to the side of the carriage, placed in it, and disposed as decently as might be; and then turning to Adrian, Mr. Keelson said, "I think you had better take a glass of brandy, sir. You look pale. You are very wet, and you will have a long, sad ride."

"Nothing whatever," replied Adrian. "I thank you a thousand times, Mr. Keelson—much—very much more than I can

express ; and you too, my dear young lady,' he added, taking Ella's hand, and pressing it gently in his own. "I thank you with all my heart for the kindness you have shown me. But we shall meet again, when I can speak my gratitude more fully."

Thus saying, he turned towards the carriage ; but when he approached the door, and saw the corpse lying across the other side, partly supported by the seat, he stopped involuntarily, and paused for a moment, as if it required an effort of resolution to enter. The next instant he put his foot upon the step, and took his seat beside the dead body.

At that moment Ella's eyes were fixed upon him with a look of strange sweetness—full of sympathy, and admiration, and compassion.

While she gazed at him, another was

gazing at her ; and when the carriage drove away into the darkness, old Keelson turned back towards the house, saying, “ He is a noble, brave fellow ! ” But the young man, James, folded his arms upon his chest, and bent his steps towards his own home, murmuring but two words, “ Ah, Ella ! ”

It was the breaking of a dream.

CHAPTER VI.

Veramente la, legge con che Amore
Il suo imperio governa eternamente,
Non è dura nè obliqua ; e l'opre sue,
Piene di provvidenza, e di mistero
Altri à torto condanna. O con quant 'arte
E per che ignote strade egli conduce
L'huom ad esser beato.

TASSO. "*Aminta.*"

THE funeral was over, all the sad rites performed, and Adrian Brewerton, clad in deep mourning, sat, a few weeks after, in his lonely room, labouring hard, by intense study, to withdraw his mind from more than one subject, which he did not wish to contemplate. The loss of his friend, the

weary search for the body—the dragging for more than an hour in the deep and solemn bay, by night—the long and terrible drive back to the city, with the corpse for his only companion—had left a strong and fearful impression on his mind which he could not shake off. But yet, strange to say, these dark and gloomy memories were chequered by thoughts and recollections exquisitely sweet and delightful, upon which, nevertheless, he was unwilling to allow his mind to dwell. There was a fair face, a graceful form, a sweet and beaming smile ever present to his eye, and a musical voice swelling gently on his ear, in despite of all his efforts to banish them from his memory.

There be some things, like the flash of the lightning, too bright ever to leave the sight—some so sweet as to linger in the ear for ever.

Yet he struggled hard to forget, and resolved steadily and sturdily never to return to that cottage, where he had passed but a few hours, indeed, but had found matter more dangerous to his peace than he knew even yet.

These memories and these struggles, however, had shaken his nerves greatly; and though he combated his feelings with more manly energy, he was again in exactly the same state of thrilling excitement in which his mother's death had left him when a boy. He heard a step upon the stairs: he felt agitated. The door opened suddenly, and he almost started from his seat. It was a stranger who entered—a coarse-featured, heavy-browed man, short and square in form, and bearing that sort of seaman's air, which no land foppery can conceal. He stared for a moment at the young student

with a sort of bold, supercilious look ; and then inquired if his name was Mr. Brewerton.

“ The same,” replied Adrian, now roused, and returning his gaze steadfastly. “ What do you want with me ?”

“ There’s a packet for you,” replied the stranger, throwing down what looked like a large thick letter on the table, and adding, “ I had it from Madam Ashmore, of Charleston ; and to oblige her—I have often obliged her before—I promised to deliver it myself.”

“ I thank you,” replied Adrian, gravely ; and without farther words, the unprepossessing stranger turned upon his heel, and whistling a light air, descended the stairs.

Adrian tore open the packet eagerly. He had written, at once, to the mother of poor Roger Ashmore after the recovery of the

body, and had dwelt much upon the efforts of others, especially those of old Keelson, but little upon his own. The president of the College, however, had, in another letter, done ample justice to the exertions of the young student, touching the mother's heart by an account of the profound grief into which Adrian Brewerton had been cast by the loss of his friend. To mark her sense of his kindness, Mrs. Ashmore now requested Adrian to accept, as a memento, some valuable trinkets formerly belonging to her son, which were in the hands of the president, and to present, with his own hands, to the old fisherman, Roger's gold watch and seals, as a token of her gratitude.

Strange human nature ! Adrian had been vigorously resolving, as we have said, not to go back to the cottage—had blamed himself severely for the struggling of his heart

against his determination ; but now, a fair excuse for violating his resolution was an absolute relief to him ; and he hastened, at once, to do all that he had determined not to do.

It was again a half holiday, and the young man walked to the president's house, showed the letter he had received, obtained the watch, chain, and seals, and hiring a carriage, drove himself out to the bay. The weather had become milder, and a soft sort of languid haziness, mingling with the sunshine, had rendered far distant objects somewhat indistinct ; but as Adrian drove towards the fisherman's house, he could see plainly enough, at some distance, the fair form of Ella seated under the little verandah and busily engaged with some sort of woman's work. The sound of the wheels first made her raise her eyes ; and the bright

look of joy and satisfaction which beamed suddenly up in them, when she recognized the young student, was very perilous to poor Adrian's heart. Her hand was in his in a moment; and, with a frank simplicity, which might have spoken ill for his suit, if he had come with a suitor's purposes, she told him how glad she was to see him, how anxious she had been about him, and how often she had asked her father to call and enquire for him, whenever he went up to the town.

For a few moments, Adrian too gave way to his feelings, sat down by her, conversed with her in tones almost too tender, and with words too full of fancy, and fire, and enthusiasm, though they had no direct reference to herself. But he recovered himself speedily. We know not what it was that checked him in full career—perhaps it was a glow that came upon Ella's cheek,

which taught him to ask himself, "Can I be such a scoundrel as to be making love to this young girl, without any probability—any possibility of our union?"

He changed the conversation instantly, to subjects of a graver and a colder kind; and here Ella, who for some time had spoken but little, answered more freely, conversing sweetly, and calmly, with a pleasant, even, yet sparkling train of thought, and weaving round Adrian's heart a network of fine links, from which it could never break free.

She had told him at the first, that her father was out, but not at sea, and that she expected him back immediately; and thus Adrian remained by her side nearly an hour under the verandah, waiting for the old man's return.

As they thus sat, the young fisherman, James, passed before them at a little dis-

tance. Whether he had seen them sitting together, or not, before they observed him, we cannot say ; but he never raised his eyes when he was near, walking slowly on, as if he did not perceive them.

About twenty minutes after, as their eyes ran along the beach, they saw old Israel Keelson coming slowly along the sand-hills, at some distance. He walked with his hands behind his back, his head somewhat bent, and his eyes turned towards the ground. He was not alone ; and as he came nearer, Adrian recognized, in the stout flashily-dressed man who accompanied him, the same rough personage who had brought him Mrs. Ashmore's letter. In approaching his own house, Mr. Keelson twice raised his eyes towards the verandah ; and when opposite to it, and quite near, he turned towards the stranger, saying, in a stern and

decided tone, "I will have nothing to do with it, I tell you ; and it shan't be done here !"

"Shan't !" said the stranger, with a sort of sneering smile ; and turning round, he walked away, whistling the same light air he had whistled when leaving Adrian.

The old man greeted the young student kindly, nay, warmly, sat down with his daughter and Adrian before the house, and talked a little of the past ; but yet it was clear that something had, in a degree, disturbed him, for he fell every now and then into a reverie.

At the end of about a quarter of an hour, —for he was glad to protract the pleasant moments,—Adrian Brewerton proceeded to speak of his mission, and presented the old man with the watch and seals. Mr. Keelson took them in his hand, examined them care-

fully, with a slight smile, and then returned them to Adrian, saying ; “’Tis a pretty toy ; and those figures on the back are beautifully chased enough. I used to know something about such things in my young days. Tell Mrs. Ashmore, that I am very much obliged to her, but I cannot accept anything so valuable. It would look like being paid, my young friend, for seeking the body of her son ; and that can’t be.”

Adrian, however, pressed him strongly to take at least some little memorial, assuring him that Mrs. Ashmore would feel mortified if he had refused to do so.

“ Well, then,” said the old man, “ I will take this little seal ;” and detaching one from the ring, he handed it to his daughter, saying, “ What is on it, my child ? Your eyes are clearer than mine at this time of day.”

Ella took it, and replied, after looking at it a moment, "There is a bird, dropping down into its nest upon a bough, and underneath is engraved '*ad ogni ucello suo nido e bello.*'"

She read the Italian with a pure soft accent, that made it seem as if the sweet tongue were native to her lips; and, to Adrian's great surprise, even the old man, her father, asked for no translation.

"It is a pretty conceit," he said; but whether he referred to the bird and the nest, or to the words which accompanied them, Adrian did not know. He soon found, however, that if he stayed much longer he was lost. He resolved to go, hesitated, lingered, entered into conversation again. Then he took his leave: then was led to speak of some fresh subject, and the whole system of resolving, hesitating, lingering, and leave-taking, had to come over again.

He reproached himself for his folly ; but it had given him half an hour more of enjoyment—as many another folly does, to be reckoned for hereafter, on Fate's dark tally behind the door—and at length he went away with a heart beating, and a brain whirling. But Adrian Brewerton was by this time in love ; and he knew it.

CHAPTER VII.

The night grows wond'rous dark : deep swelling gusts
And sultry stillness take the rule by turn,
Whilst o'er our heads the black and heavy clouds
Roll slowly on.

JOANNA BAILLIE. "*Rayner.*"

SIX months had passed, and Roger Ashmore's sad fate was all but forgotten at his College, so rapid do the ever-varying incidents and impressions of youth, like the footsteps of a hurrying crowd, successively efface one another. Of all his companions, Adrian Brewerton alone retained the memories of that fatal day, and those solemn scenes, with any thing like their first distinctness. Be-

fore his eyes they continued, day and night, as if he were haunted by an ever-present picture. Even at the end of those six months, there was nothing dreamy in his recollections—nothing vague and intangible, as is so apt to be the case with past horrors, which the mind in its weakness recoils from contemplating as realities. Every particular was still awfully palpable to him, as if the past were a part of his actual being—probably it is so always, and we shall know that it is so, in an after state, though with our obscured intellects in this mortal coil, we forget what we are, and what Fate and our own acts have made us. Man's immortality is of his own making. So tells us the Bible, and so do we believe. But Adrian's mortal life was more affected by the past than that of most men. He felt even the current of his existence swayed, if not diverted from

its channel, by the influence of those short hours which seemed to have concentrated in themselves the emotions of a life-time.

Nevertheless, he appeared in a certain way to have gained strength, either by the shock of Roger Ashmore's death, or by the energy of newly awakened passion : at least, so one might judge by several changes in his habits. He exhibited more unity of purpose, and more continuity of effort than before. His enthusiasms remained as great as ever ; but they had become somewhat more practical. Determination seemed to be steadily supplanting vague aspirations. Still, all this was so obscurely shadowed forth, as to be rather a matter of consciousness to himself, than a change observable by others. To the over-sensitive, the over-hopeful, if we may be allowed the expression, the exhaustion of strong emotions in

youth is often the redemption of later years. It is like the tempering of iron in the fire. If it be worthless, it breaks; if it be true steel, it becomes the harder and the finer.

Whether from a morbid tendency to the investigation of man's physical and moral structure, stimulated, if not produced, by the various events connected with his friend's fate, and the sharp contrast between his life and death—life in its wildest exuberance, death in its gloomiest desolation—or whether from motives purely intellectual, Adrian was, at this time, devoting all his energies to the study of Anatomy. It is probable that the first conjecture is the correct one. Certain it is, that people of a nervous organization are exceedingly liable to engage in pursuits, and enter upon investigations, apparently the most foreign to their disposition. They appear drawn by a

force, not to be resisted, towards what is uncongenial, if not absolutely antipathetic to their own nature, like the fascinated bird, which is said, not merely to be powerless in the serpent's gaze, but to fly towards the reptile about to devour it. We have seen the youth who fainted at the sight of blood choose arms for his profession, and prove himself, in the turmoil of the battle, the bravest of the brave ; and there are a thousand instances of the same propensity in history. Probably Adrian was now only acting in obedience to a law of his being, even while he seemed to be violating all its impulses.

However all this may be, Adrian's passion for what some may consider his strange, and somewhat repugnant pursuit, grew upon him daily ; but he did not allow it to interfere with his ordinary College duties. Every

spare moment, indeed, devoted by other students to recreation or pleasure, he employed in studying the mysteries of man's material nature.

Such were his pursuits, then, about six months after the drowning of Roger Ashmore. Summer was just dying into autumn: the mornings and evenings belonged to the latter season: the middle of the day to the former; and an occasional storm of great severity indicated that it was one of the transition periods of the year.

One afternoon, towards night-fall, while Adrian was musing by the tomb of Roger Ashmore, in that corner of the town graveyard appropriated to the University, a young man, somewhat older than himself, approached, and accosted him familiarly. In spite of the rough canlet cloak in which he was wrapped, and the rather threadbare

garments that it covered, the new comer was not to be mistaken for an inferior man. There was something in his easy and frank address that indicated a wider acquaintance with the world than was to be acquired in the cloister-like retirement of a New England University. His language, too, had less than usual of that formal monotony of intonation, adopted in those days on all occasions, and on all subjects—whether horse-racing or theology, angry disputation or friendly discussion. His face, which wore an habitual expression of dignity when in repose, lighted up in conversation with such a merry, careless, good-natured look, that he seemed the embodiment of fun and jollity.

Charles Selden had, indeed, a double nature. He was the careful, patient, ardent devotee of science, and not unfrequently

the deep and philosophic thinker; but he could also be the frank and hearty boon companion, throwing off in hours of relaxation the load of thought, with a facility that few studious men possess. At the time when we now introduce him to the reader, he was attached to the medical department of the College, in the capacity of Exhibitor of Anatomy, and had thus formed an intimacy with Adrian Brewerton. But not long before, he had made a short tour in Europe, and had obtained the advantage of a two years' residence in Edinburgh, at that time a great resort of those American students in medicine who could afford to carry on their professional education in the hospitals of foreign countries.

“Well, Adrian,” he said, as he came up, “what can induce you to mope here alone amongst the tombstones? Are you think-

ing of playing the part of resurrectionist, that you wander about, in broad daylight, in the churchyard, like a greedy ghoul? Or are you indulging in a little sentiment over the grave of some rustic Phillis, prematurely snatched from her churn and her poultry-yard?"

Adrian felt half offended at the unseasonable levity, which jarred with all the feelings then busy in his bosom. "You know as well as I do, Selden," he said, "that poor Roger Ashmore is buried here. Pray do not make me doubt what I never yet have doubted, your goodness of heart, by joking in such a place, and at such a moment. Perhaps," he added, after a pause, "I may be treating a light jest too seriously; but indeed, Selden, my thoughts, just then, were not very much in harmony with merriment."

“You do not yet understand me, my dear Adrian,” answered his friend, taking his arm, and leading him away from the spot. “In play hours, I am as full of nonsense as a school-boy. But in time you will know me better, I hope, than to imagine me capable, even for a moment, of wilfully trifling with feelings which I respect. I was thoughtless—forgive it—and now let me tell you what brought me in search of you; for I have tracked you from your chambers. We have obtained a prize at last. Five subjects have been sent to us from New York; and I have just had them carried to the dissecting-room as secretly as possible. You know the feeling of the townspeople upon this subject; and should the bodies be discovered in our possession, I fear the result might be serious to all of us.”

“But if you are sure of your men,” answered Adrian, “there can be no danger.”

“I do not know,” replied the other, thoughtfully. “New England men will talk occasionally. At all events, to-night the bodies must be watched, for many reasons ; and the disagreeable duty of course devolves upon me.”

He paused, and meditated for a moment, and then added : “This is particularly unfortunate, for I have accepted an invitation to the Governor’s grand election ball—if the word ball be not a misnomer for so grave an entertainment as it is likely to prove. I had, however, set my heart upon going, if it were only to enjoy a little quiet quiz at some of his Excellency’s solemn co-officials. It is very provoking,” he continued, the last thought carrying him back into a lighter tone. “If I could but find

a discreet substitute, I might manage the matter. To say the truth, I had made up my mind to ask you to take my place, Adrian ; but I fear it would be impossible for such a nervous piece of mechanism as yourself to survive so ghastly a vigil."

"Not at all," replied Adrian, without hesitation, partly impelled by that morbid tendency to which we have already alluded, and partly by the doubt of his firmness which his companion's words seemed to imply : "I will cheerfully sit up in your place, Charles : the more so as you seem to think me incapable of it ;" and the next moment he went on to say, with a smile, "although, perhaps, it was only to accomplish your object that you pretended to think so. At any rate, the companionship of the dead has no terrors for me now : nothing likely to happen from the living ever had. At what hour does your ball commence ?"

“ At the frightfully dissipated hour of nine,” replied Charles Selden. “ But I will come to your rooms for you at eight, Adrian. We will then go together to the College ; and I will see what can be done to make you comfortable for the night. You are really doing me a service, which I hope some time to reciprocate, if not in kind, at least to an equal degree.”

They then parted ; and Adrian slowly returned to his chambers. We cannot say that he felt altogether at ease in reference to the task which he had taken upon himself. He had no special incentive to burden himself with so disagreeable a charge, except his desire to oblige his friend ; and a vague sense of discomfort—which, after all, was not fear—took possession of him, and grew upon him as the minutes passed. Nevertheless, there was that restless fever-

ishness within him—that sort of morbid desire for this peculiar species of excitement—which would have made him eager to fulfil his promise, even if his friend had come and offered to release him.

In the mean time the weather had singularly changed. When the friends met, the sky had been quite clear—with that damp chill in the atmosphere, however, which often follows the setting of the sun in Autumn. Gradually the heavens had blackened as evening closed in. One by one, huge masses of cloud had rolled up from different points of the horizon, as if there had been many winds in the sky at once; and overlapping each other in dingy folds, they speedily united in one general and mysterious gloom. The breeze, which seemed to follow in a circular course the direction of the hills, was at first low and

fitful; but with the close of day it increased both in force and steadiness; and the air, at the same time, became more and more raw. At length, the rain began to fall—not in the large drops of a summer shower, but in the small, fine, even tricklings of an easterly storm. Occasionally a broad but pale sheet of lightning would, for a moment, cast its glare along the distant horizon, making visible even the leaves of the few isolated oaks that stood out in relief upon the neighbouring mountain tops. As the hours went by, the canopy of clouds became as one huge black pall, unlike the grayish, slaty aspect of a wintry stormy sky; and then the atmosphere became so dense, that you could almost taste it, and the taste was of a mouldy kind, suggesting the idea of fresh turned up earth in damp places. Men began to grope their way

through the unlighted streets, with lanterns in their hands; and through each window in that part of the College buildings inhabited by the students, issued forth, from dim oil lamps, upon the foggy air, a stream of light surrounded by a sort of hazy glare, which produced a strange effect when seen from the opposite side of the Green, as if great eyes were looking at one through the mist.

Adrian had not noticed these successive changes in the weather as minutely as we have described them. He had been sitting alone in the dark, thinking of other subjects; but still they had made their impression, and had not tended to raise his spirits, or to cheer his mind. He heard the rain fall in its melancholy monotony. He felt the oppressive denseness of the atmosphere. He saw the sheet of lightning

as it flickered through the gloom ; but it was not till he heard his friend's step upon the stairs, and Charles Selden at length entered the room, muffled to the throat, and with a dark-lantern in his hand, that Adrian began to realize distinctly, how dismal a night vigil was about to follow.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Tis only the obscure is terrible.
Imagination frames events unknown,
In wild, fantastic shades of hideous mien ;
And what it fears creates !

HANNAH MORE. "*Belshazzar.*"

CHARLES SELDEN was in high spirits, and full of that eager and impatient activity which is exceedingly irritating to the calm, thoughtful, and unexcited. "Come, Adrian, my boy," he exclaimed ; "on with your things ; for we are a good deal behind time. It must be at least twenty minutes past eight—don't forget your stick ; and you may as well take a pillow along with you.

The floor, you know, is a hard bed. I tried to get a cot for you, but could not succeed without exciting suspicion. There is a carriage below. The owner did not like the idea of his horses being out in such a night; but even in this incorruptible country, the all-powerful extra dollar had its usual effect. Come, now, do hurry, that's a good fellow," he added, as the other seemed to be going about his preparations more deliberately than he liked. "I want to sit with you for at least half an hour, before leaving you with your stiff and silent companions."

Adrian was soon ready. Taking his pillow under his arm, and in his hand a stout cudgel, which he was accustomed to carry with him in his frequent ramblings outside of the town, he descended with his companion to the carriage which was waiting

for him at the side of the street that skirted the College grounds. The direction of his thoughts was shown by a few words which he spoke while his foot was upon the step. "This is a fearful time, Charles," he said, "for those who are at sea; and the watching for friends upon the deep, a sadder vigil than mine."

Then seating himself in the carriage, he mused in silence until they reached the entrance of the medical school, at the other end of the town, though his friend rattled away throughout the drive with surprising volubility. Both jumped out together, and while Adrian sprang up stairs out of the rain, Charles Selden directed the carriage to wait, in order to convey him to the governor's entertainment.

The Medical College was a white stuccoed building, of no particular architecture, and

displaying in no part any indication of the purpose for which it was designed. It might have been a state house, or an hospital, or a private residence, in so far as there was any positive inconsistency in its outward looks with the purposes of either. Still, there was something particularly cheerless in the uniform white surface, as the lantern which Charles Selden carried, threw its gleam upon the tall ghost-like façade. Within, every thing was of the same colour ; whitewashed ceilings, whitewashed walls, and white uncarpeted floors. There was something in the universality of this colour, or rather want of colour, which affected Adrian, as he passed along, very disagreeably at that moment. The amphitheatre to which they hurried, was situated, as is usually the case, in the highest story of the building. It was a room of an elliptical shape, with no

lateral windows, every precaution being taken to prevent the possibility of any prying eyes from without satisfying their curiosity ; and the only light the room ever received came from a glass sky-light, of a rectangular form, in the roof. You descended to the floor by a series of broad steps, corresponding with the lines of benches for students which encircled the room ; and on the side opposite to the door, was a fireplace. In front of this, was the large dissecting table, the surface of which was covered with zinc, or some other metal, for reasons which we will not attempt to explain. Immediately over this table, was suspended from the ceiling by a long iron chain, a sort of glass chandelier, furnished with three lamps of a very antiquated pattern.

The other objects that were prominent in the room were a large black board at one

side of the fire-place, covered with anatomical figures sketched in white chalk, a small table at the opposite side displaying some preparations for supper, and a couple of rush-bottomed chairs. There was something more, however—not so distinct, but which in its very vagueness made Adrian start when he entered, although he had expected some such sight. Upon the dissecting table, on which one body only was usually placed at a time, were now piled up the five corpses—two forming the lower stratum, two on the top of these, and the fifth making the apex of the pyramid. A sheet had been thrown over all; but the outlines of the ghastly burden beneath were visible enough, and the fingers of a pale hand protruded from under the edge of the covering.

Charles Selden noticed the varying colour

in his companion's face as he closed the door after him, and rallied him a little for being nervous; but Adrian made no reply, and turned the conversation to other subjects.

Throwing his pillow upon the floor, in front of the fire-place, in which was burning a huge pile of wood, evidently kindled several hours before, Adrian joined his friend at supper, who, with a forecast not at all necessary, was anticipating upon the good governor's hospitality. For half an hour the conversation flowed from subject to subject, until Adrian almost forgot where he was, and what was the object of his coming; but then his friend looked at his watch, rose hastily from the table, and laughingly wishing Adrian pleasant dreams, and promising to rejoin him as soon as the ball was over, ran up the steps to the door, and rushed out

of the room. He had partly descended the staircase which led to the street, when Adrian heard him suddenly returning, and looked up to see what he wanted; but without re-entering, Selden closed the door which he had left ajar, and the key was heard to turn in the lock outside. Whether it was a mere freak, or whether Selden intended only to amuse himself with the fancied fears of his friend, or whether he was really apprehensive that Adrian would not remain long after his departure, the latter could not tell. Indignant, however, at either motive, Adrian called loudly to him to return and unlock the door; but the only response was the sound of Selden's feet running down the stairs, the closing of the carriage door, and the tramp of the horses' hoofs in the silent streets as the vehicle drove away. A moment or two after, the roll of the wheels

subsided, all was silent again, and Adrian found himself once more in his life alone with the dead.

For a time, anger swallowed up all other feelings; but, at length, Adrian drew his chair to the front of the fire, and sat gazing upon the glowing embers that crackled in the strong draught of the chimney and threw an irregular and fitful glare upon the bare walls and scanty furniture of the amphitheatre. He tried to force his thoughts away from the present scene, and, as one can so easily do in the calm untroubled moments of existence—few though they be in this eager world—to build castles, and lay out gardens of fancy amongst the ever-changing fragments of the fire. But still the presence of the dead made itself felt. He would not think of them; but he knew that they were there. Their proximity

seemed to load the air with sad and solemn thoughts, with vague, superstitious fears, with an impulsive loathing of the neighbourhood of death. He could not banish the sensation—it grew upon him, it swallowed up all thoughts, and his mind became excited in a painful manner. Every unusually strong gust of wind : the unexpected falling of a burnt log from the andirons : the flaring of the ill-trimmed lamps, would cause him to throw a hasty and uneasy glance at the dissecting table, until he almost fancied that some of the bodies moved when the sheet was slightly stirred by the current of air from the door.

Adrian felt angry at and ashamed of his sensations, and, by a strong effort, in some degree mastered them. Weary with a long day of study and overwrought emotions, as night wore on, he fell into a sort of dreamy

state — something between sleeping and waking—almost losing himself in the confused pictures, which followed each other before the mind's eye without form and without connection. After a time, he roused himself sufficiently to remember that he might as well lie down, and endeavour to pass the hours in more complete and tranquil repose. He blew out the lamps in the chandelier, removed the chairs from the fireplace, wrapped himself in his cloak, and stretched himself upon the floor, in front of the fire, to sleep. But slumber was as fickle as usual ; for some reason the sleepy fit which he had felt overpowering him while he sat in the chair, now passed away, and he lay for hours unable to close his eyes, staring upwards at the sky-light, upon which the rain was pattering fast. Thinking that the light of the fire might be the cause of

his wakefulness, he at length rose, and raked the ashes over the smouldering heap. Then resuming his hard bed on the floor, and burying his head in the pillow, he fell speedily into a slumber, which any living person, had there been one present to watch him, might have seen, by the muscular twitchings of his frame, was neither altogether pleasant nor refreshing.

How long he had slept, in this uneasy way, he knew not, when he was suddenly awakened by a severe blow upon the forehead. An indistinct consciousness of where he was flashed across his mind ; but his thoughts were all in confusion between past dreams, and present realities, and he sprang upon his feet, with a feeling of terror which he had never experienced in his life before. Instinctively, he raised his hand to his face, and the warm blood, trickling upon his fu-

gers, convinced him of the actual truth of what he felt. His first impulse was to rush to the door of the apartment, and he had reached it, and tried to open it, before he recollected that it was locked upon him. There was no other means of egress from the amphitheatre. What could he do? To cry for help was useless; for there was no living person in the building except himself and whoever else might be in that room. It was impossible for him to make his voice heard outside, even if there had been any one awake to hear it.

As soon as he could collect his thoughts at all, though they were still indistinct and confused, his first impressions were, that one of the bodies, which he had undertaken to watch, had been in a trance and had revived, or else that some one had been secreted in the room, and that, in either case, the in-

tention was to murder him. By degrees, however, the mistiness left by sleep passed away, and his mind somewhat resumed its power. Every thing was now perfectly quiet, and Adrian began to think that his hasty interpretation of the mystery must be erroneous : else why had not the first murderous blow been followed by others ? Why, at least, was it succeeded by such a profound and continuous silence ? Still, however, he stood with his back against the door, and his heart beating violently, but prepared to repel any fresh attack. Dangers which could be seen and comprehended, he could have met without quailing ; but there was something in the circumstances of his present position — something so lonely, so strange, and so terrible, that it seemed perfectly to unnerve him.

He had been standing in this way some

ten minutes—though the time seemed to him an eternity — when a sudden flash of lightning blazed across the sky-light of the amphitheatre. It illumined the room for one single moment ; but that moment was sufficient to show Adrian that the sheet had disappeared from the dissecting table, upon which were now lying exposed four ghastly corpses.

He knew there had been five !

How he longed for another flash to enable him to see more ! But none came ; and stepping quietly to one of the nearest benches, Adrian endeavoured to ascertain if he were really much hurt. He found that the bleeding had already stopped, and that it had proceeded from a wound above his left eye, of no great magnitude. Still his suspense continued ; and it was a long time before he could summon the resolution neces-

sary to do any thing for the purpose of arriving at some certainty.

At length he bethought him that possibly the embers under the ashes might not be altogether extinguished : and, moving cautiously around the walls of the room, he approached the fire-place. Nothing occurred to interrupt him—all was still and silent as the grave ; and raking away the ashes, he found, to his unspeakable satisfaction, a thick bed of living fire beneath, the glow from which lighted up, at once, the nearest part of the amphitheatre.

What he saw before him, although for a moment it made his blood curdle, at once explained all that had occurred.

Lying partly upon the floor, and but a short distance from the position which Adrian had himself occupied, was the body of a huge negro—the trunk and shoulders

alone touching the boards, while the legs and feet were raised at a considerable angle against the dissecting table. Either a sudden gust of wind, more violent than ordinary, or some harsh clap of thunder, had shaken the building, and the table being much too small for its burden, a slight thing had been sufficient to disturb the equilibrium, and cast the uppermost corpse upon the ground. The uppermost happened to be that of a gigantic negro, and in its heavy fall from the table, dragging the sheet with it, the arm had struck Adrian with great violence, occasioning the wound over his eye. Still, although this explanation was perfectly satisfactory to his reason, Adrian did not recover his composure as rapidly or completely as might have been expected, even by those who understood all the peculiarities of his character. He relighted the lamps,

however, and looking at his watch, found that the hour had already passed at which his companion had promised to return.

“He must be soon here,” he thought, “and I will not try to sleep again. But I must restore some order.”

Dragging the body of the negro under the table, and covering the other corpses again with the sheet, he once more drew his chair in front of the fire-place, and sat down. But still he remained uneasy and discomposed. Yet his uneasiness seemed rather an after reflection of the terror which, for the time, had so completely mastered him, than any present apprehension. Indeed all possible alarm from the same source was exhausted in his mind ; but, nevertheless, though there was nothing definite in his sensations, he longed for his companion’s return, as he had rarely longed for any thing before.

No sound, however, broke the silence of the night—no rolling carriage wheels—no step upon the stairs. Hour by hour passed away without Selden's return, and Adrian's dreary watch seemed interminable, when the first gray of dawn at length appeared, mingling strangely with the sickly and yellow light of the half extinguished lamps. But the storm had subsided in a degree—the rain at least had ceased to patter upon the skylight, and the lightning no longer blazed across the sky.

Anxiously and impatiently did Adrian await the arrival of his friend, whose mad freak in locking him in, he felt himself hardly able to pardon. Still the time ran on, the sounds of life began to be heard from the streets, the day grew broad and strong, and a nervous impatience seized upon Adrian Brewerton, which kept him in a sort

of eager agitation not to be described. For more than an hour before Selden's return, he had stationed himself at the door, awaiting his coming, and longing to get out into the fresh air at once.

When Selden, at length, did come, his manner was strangely altered from what it had been the night before. He looked grave, anxious, sad ; and before noticing the ghastly appearance of Adrian's face, or any change which had taken place on the dissecting table, he begged his friend, over and over again, to forgive him for what he had looked upon at the time as merely a harmless jest, but now felt to have been an inconsiderate and unkind act.

Adrian made no reply ; and after an instant's pause, as if for an answer, Charles Selden went on to say, " I have a letter for you, Adrian, brought by a special messenger,

whom I met just as I was coming out of my rooms. I have hastened to bring it to you, thinking—thinking that it might be of importance.”

His manner was strange, abrupt, and absent, as if there was more on his mind than he was willing or able to communicate.

Adrian took the letter, which was in an unknown hand. He opened it mechanically; but read only two lines. They told him that his father was dead—had died suddenly.

After all he had passed through, the shock was too much for him; the letter dropped from his hands, and he fell fainting into the arms of Charles Selden.

CHAPTER IX.

I had much rather see
A crested dragon, or a basilisk ;
Both are less poison to my eyes and nature.

DRYDEN. "*Don Sebastian.*"

WE are certain that the *Cato Major* was written in the early autumn : that clear, delicious season of the year which comes as a sort of repose after the heat and the labours of the summer. There is a sort of harmony between it and the decline of man's life—a sympathy, as it were, with the departure of the more fiery things of the human year, which has something very consolatory in it to those who see the allotted grains of sand, dropping away through the hour-glass, one

by one, and the end of the apportioned time approaching. It has not the merriment, the soft-glowing gaiety of the spring of those lands, where spring is, indeed, the gentle season. It has not the prolific fire, and genial power, of summer; but it has a freshness, a clearness, and an elasticity, all its own—as if it, like man, had lost the sultry blood of passion, and the tender weakness of early years, and, with hardly impaired energies, went unburdened on the way, with the toils of harvest over, the fruits of earth well garnered, and the winter's coming viewed without a dread.

It was one of those bright, clear, autumn days, when all hazy softness is gone from the atmosphere, when a light, pure, cool breeze hurries the clouds over the sky, and the shadows over the earth, and all seems sparkling, and changing, and rejoicing in

the scene. Old Israel Keelson, with his telescope beneath his arm, walked to and fro upon the sand hills, and his eye ran over the sea, on whose bosom the gleams were floating amongst the shadows, like heaven-born boats of light ; but he thought not, it would seem, of the varying face of the ocean : he thought not of the brilliant blue of the sky above, or the white clouds that hurried through it : he thought not of—perhaps felt not—the rapid air that waved his white locks to and fro, and brought a pinker colour into his cheek. His eyes were bent far forward beyond the line where the bay opened out upon the ocean, and seemed fixed upon a vessel which, now half-hull down, and at other times more distinctly seen, seemed standing off and on, with some purpose which puzzled more than one who watched her.

Ever and anon, the old man would stand upon the highest of the sand hills, and raising his glass, would gaze long and earnestly at the schooner. At length, however, he seemed satisfied, replaced the telescope beneath his arm, and walked deliberately back towards his own house, at the door of which his daughter was standing, gazing forth, as he had been, upon the waters.

“What is that vessel, father?” asked Ella, as he approached.

“I cannot tell you, my child,” replied the old man, somewhat gloomily. “I can tell you what she has been, not what she is. Why do you ask, Ella?”

“Because I have seen her often lately,” replied his daughter; “and she is unlike any other of the vessels of these waters.”

“Ay, narrow in the beam, long in the

run, rakish in the masts, black in the hull, sitting on the water like a duck, and going through it like a dolphin," replied the old man. "She looks like a phantom, even by the broad day-light, and at night you may pass within pistol shot of her without seeing her at all. She has been a slaver, Ella—what she is now, God knows and the bad men aboard of her. I suspect, but do not know; and I only guess who commands her, too.—If I knew that, I should know all."

"Who do you suppose her to be, father?" asked Ella.

Old Keelson mused for a moment, took his daughter's hand, and led her into the little parlour, replying to her as they went.

"Do you recollect, Ella," he said, "seeing a man walking along with me one day upon the beach—a stout, broad set, ill-looking man—a Captain Sparhawk?"

“I did not hear his name,” replied Ella, “but I remember him well. There are some faces, father, one can never forget; whether the token by which they are remembered be disgust or admiration. His countenance seemed to me the most fearful I ever beheld—one of those faces on which Providence seems to write, as a warning to all who behold, every vicious and terrible act, one by one, as they are committed—a record of a bad life, written by the hand of Fate. I recollect it quite well. The sight of that face as he turned away from you made me stop suddenly in my conversation with young Mr. Brewerton. Who is that Captain Sparhawk, father?”

“A bad man, in the way to wealth or the gallows,” answered her father. “I saw him twice at Charleston, some sixteen or seventeen years ago. He was then a young man,

of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age ; but if the tales he used to tell of himself, in his moments of thoughtless revelry, were true, he had crowded into that short life crimes enough to bring down upon his head, even then, the vengeance of man, and the condemnation of God. What he has done since, my child, I do not know ; for he has become more careful of his tongue with years, and boasts only of his wealth, not of his wickedness ; for he is wealthy now— heaven help us—at least so he says, and mixes with the first society of the South, he declares. But I believe not all these tales of himself, any more than all those he told before ; and one thing I could see clearly from his conversation — wealthy, or not, he is as eager for gain now as he was some twenty years ago ; and he will have it, cost what it will — his own blood, his

fellow-creatures', — his wretchedness, or theirs."

While thus speaking, they had entered the room ; the old man had taken his accustomed seat in a large chair, and Ella, with her work in her hand, had placed herself beside him. Her eyes were bent down, as she listened to her father ; the long, black lashes, resting upon the soft cheek, now somewhat paler than it had been a few months before. Old Keelson gazed at her, with a look not easily to be translated. There was love in it ; there was admiration — joyful passions both ; but yet, from time to time, came across his countenance a sort of shade—it might be from memory—it might be from forethought—it was like the long shadow cast athwart the landscape by a cloud near the setting sun.

He sat silent for a moment or two after

the last words were uttered, and then laid his hand upon his daughter's arm gently, saying, "Ella, listen to me, my child!"

She instantly dropped her work upon her knee, and raised her beautiful speaking eyes towards her father's face; and the old man went on.

"If ever that man should fall in your way again, Ella," he said, "avoid him—shut the doors against him—seek refuge with any friend, with any one near. I am not apt to dread the face of any thing living or dead; but I do not love that man, Ella; and if what I feel towards him be dread, it is for you, not for myself. I know him to be a bad, a wicked man. I know that he brought over from the coast of Africa a cargo of three hundred miserable beings for Mr. Volney, — a man who once greatly wronged me. They were crammed into a little schooner, not fitted for half the num-

ber. A hundred and seventy died upon the passage; and he laughed when he told how he had pitched the niggers into the sea, calculating how much the value of the rest was enhanced, by the miserable death of so many human beings. I abhor that man, Ella; and I love not to see a vessel which I believe to be his, hovering about upon this coast."

"It surely cannot affect us," replied Ella, gazing in the old man's face with a questioning look.

"I see not how it can, indeed," replied Keelson; "but yet, my child, there are strange terms in fate; and a notion has taken possession of me, that I shall not be long with you, my child."

Ella threw her arms round her father's neck, and had she given way to the first impulse, would have burst into tears; but,

though full of thrilling emotions, with a heart vibrating, like a finely strung instrument, to every tender and to every kindly feeling, and as susceptible of grief as joy, that young girl had a wonderful fund of strong resolution, and quick self-command. Consideration—a long process with many—was with her, as with all bright minds, rapid as lightning; and before the tears could spring from their secret fountains to her eyes, she had said to herself, “ My father is sad—depressed—I ought to strive to cheer him, not add to his gloom by tears ;” and they were repressed.

It is a common expression, to say, that people act from *a sense of duty*. There are two ways of doing this, and two classes of people who do it. One class—containing in itself all the most disagreeable very good people we know—slowly and deliberately

grind down every feeling upon the grindstone of long, and—perhaps—conscientious, consideration, depriving their good acts of half their spiritual merit, by transferring them from soul to mind, from heart to intellect, and attributing to themselves glorification for their hardness and their harshness, and their want of Christian charities and human sympathies, on the ground of doing their duty rigidly ;—as if a man deserved great credit for not setting a house on fire, when he had got neither a candle nor a match-box.

There is another class, however, who feel what is their duty before they think it,—who act it before they consider it,—who have the kingdom of God within them, and the sweet voice of Deity ever speaking within their hearts. To our own mind, *a sense of duty*, to be worth very much, must be instinctive ; and so it was with Ella.

The next moment, she relaxed her embrace of her father's neck, and with a tender, gentle smile she said, "You are sad, my dear father. Something has occurred to vex or trouble you, and like a thunder storm, has left the sky overcast even when it is gone."

"And have you not been sad, too, lately, my child?" asked old Keelson.

"No--no—not that I know of," replied Ella.

"You have been very thoughtful, my love, ever since the drowning of that young man," said her father.

"Was the scene not enough to make me so?" asked his daughter; but at the same time, a slight and transient blush fluttered over her face, and she paused for an instant. She then added, however—feeling, perhaps, that her first words had some tinge of in-

sincerity in them, yet not knowing where it lay, in her ignorance of her own deeper motives, "I had never seen the young man, that I know of, before I saw his corpse brought in here; but the sight, and the whole occurrence, did give my mind a greater shock than even more terrible scenes have given. He was very young, my dear father; and I think that these things, every day, affect me more and more. Perhaps I have been more sad, now I think of it. But I will be gay again, and try to cheer you."

"No need, my dear," said her father. "To one accustomed to look upon death, as I am, its only terror lies in the thought of the fate of those we love, after we are gone; and I would fain clear my mind, Ella, of all reflection and consideration on that subject. Then I can be as cheerful, and as gay again

as ever.—You can stay, Kitty. I do not mind your hearing what I say.’

The last words were drawn forth by the entrance of a negro woman, somewhat stout in person, but with that sort of gay, good-humoured countenance, which one frequently sees in persons of her complexion, whether they have lived a happy, or even an unhappy life. She had come in with a plate of fruit ; but seeing earnestness in the faces of her master, and her young mistress, she was retreating hastily but quietly, when the voice of Mr. Keelson stopped her.

“ You can stay, Kitty,” he repeated. “ Indeed I would rather that you did remain ; because I wish to beg my daughter, in your presence, whenever it shall please God to call me from the world, not to part with you on any account ; but to retain you always with her, and near her. She nursed your

infancy, Ella," said the old man, turning to his daughter. "She has been faithful and true to us in many perils and difficulties; and I should wish her to remain with you to the end of her days."

"Thank you, massa, thank you," replied the good woman, with a well satisfied grin. "Missy Ella never send me away, and I never go away, whether she send me or not."

The old man smiled upon her kindly. "I do not think you would, Kitty," he said; "and if I should die——"

"Pooh, pooh. You not die," said the negress. "You live long time yet, Massa Keelson. You not fifty-seven yet—quite young man. I remember when I was quite a little girl, your birthday, when you comed of age—oh, I know, I know—fifty-seven next month, and not much older than you was then."

“ High time to think of changing one’s abode, when one has dwelt in it so long, Kitty,” said Mr. Keelson ; “ but just let us suppose it possible that I should die, and that I should die suddenly, the first thing to be thought of should be the taking care of my papers—”

“ Oh, ay, De little bundle which you put by so carefully at top of de chest,” said Kitty. “ I see you, I see you—I see you many times when you tink Kitty don’t see. Oh yes, Missy Ella must take care of dose.”

“ But in her grief,” replied Mr. Keelson, “ she might not think of them, Kitty—strangers might come in. I have seen a whole house ransacked from top to bottom ; and if she should forget them, you must secure them for her, my good Kitty ; for upon them depends much of our little property, besides memorials that are dear to us

all, though they may have to do with the vanities of this world."

"Oh, vanity!—Vanity very good ting," said Kitty; "I never saw any one widout vanity, who had any ting to be vain of. And as to property, Massa Keelson, you got enough for all you want, or Missy Ella eider—I don't see why you go any more to sea. What de use of haulin up fish, dat you never eat yourself, when you got quite enough for all you want, and to spare too? for dere be poor old Davie, the fool man, you feed and cote him too. You too young to die, but too old to go to sea."

"I begin to think so, too," said Mr. Keelson; "for the old muscles are growing stiff, Kitty, and it takes two days' rest to recover from one day's fishing."

"Ay, ay. You stay at home, and I go cook de dinner," said Kitty, moving towards

the door ; but when she had actually passed it, she put in her head again, saying, “ I not forget de papers. Any body shall pull my heart out before dey get dem away. You stay at home, and don’t go no more to sea, and me make you all very comfortable. When a man begin to tink of going to oder world, he better not go to sea. It is a bad sign for de next voyage. Billy Harris made his will, and was drown four days after.”

Thus saying, Kitty retired from the room, leaving Mr. Keelson with his daughter. Between the two who remained, the conversation gradually took a lighter tone. The dark impressions which had evidently affected him for some days previous, passed away from the mind of the old man ; and for the next month his time was principally occupied in writing and receiving letters, which had been a rare occurrence during the

years that preceded. Go to sea again he did, once or twice ; but Ella's entreaties did more with him than Kitty's remonstrance. He was well to do in the world, had accumulated a sufficient property for all his moderate desires ; and he felt, daily, that he was becoming less fitted for long-continued exertion and exposure to weather. Gradually, he thus weaned himself from his favourite occupations, and, in the end, gave three of his boats away to those who had been the companions of his earlier toils.

In the mean while, Ella did all that she could to cheer and to soothe him. In his presence she appeared always gay, and blithe, and happy. But, in truth, it was with an effort. What was in Ella's heart ?

CHAPTER X.

Un'altra cosa ti bisogna dire,
Ch'io son da un pensier tutto smarrito
E non posso la mente mia chiarire.

PULCI, "*Morgante Maggiore.*"

TIME wore on. Adrian Brewerton's College-course was drawing to a close. Incidental distinction of every sort he had won, long ere the final contest for University honours presented itself. His ambition, which, from time to time, had slumbered, or wavered, seemed now to rekindle with wonderful energy; and, what in his case was more extraordinary, with wonderful concentration also. Whether this ambition was in itself

a fixed and steady principle of his nature, independent of any immediate incentives to exertion, or whether it was only a temporary flame kindled by the excitement of competition, we will not pretend to say; and yet the reader may have remarked, in the account we have previously given of his character, many traits of that desultory eagerness of pursuit which is generally the result of natural, but ill-directed ambition.

However it may have been, his dazzling course astonished himself, as well as others. There seemed something of inspiration in it, not for creation, but for acquisition. His knowledge of much which came to others by long study, appeared intuitive. He knew not himself, in truth, where, or how he had gained all that he knew—whether it had been acquired or divined.

At the same time, his mental condition

at this particular moment, harmonized so completely with the course he was called upon to pursue, that entire processes of thought and argumentation were revealed to his understanding by the feeblest glimpse of suggestion. While the contest was going on, the state of his feelings, likewise, seemed to facilitate, or rather to stimulate his efforts. In his ignorance of all that the world can pour forth of grief and agony, he seemed, in his own eyes, to have suffered much—to have suffered every thing: he hardly believed that there was any thing in reserve for him to suffer. An interval of calm—of dead, heavy tranquillity, feelingless though pangless, succeeded the storm of emotions, before a reaction came. The very calm itself was prolonged by the intensity of his present studies; but the calm was likewise an incentive to those studies.

It was a weight upon him from which he sought relief; and although we have said that his tranquillity was without feeling, we do not mean to imply that it was without thought.

Adrian felt that he had been speculative—that he had been desultory. He regretted the inequality of his previous efforts, and what we may call the mental dissipation, in which he had indulged. He reproached himself that he had so often neglected the positive for the visionary—that he had not rather stored his mind with knowledge, than endeavoured to develop its capacities prematurely by the investigation of truths which often remain mysteries to the maturest intelligence; and he persuaded himself that could he only live the last four years of his life over again, he would live them very differently. Who, in this weary

and stormy course of life, has not, from time to time, in moments of repose and shade, looked back, like Adrian Brewerton, upon the rough road behind him, and seeing to the right or left a smoother, or a straighter path, wondered that he had not taken it—forgetting, alas! that it is by now standing on vantage ground, he is enabled to distinguish objects from which his sight was cut off, when below, by innumerable obstacles and impediments? Who is there who has not done this; and then stumbled on again, in the same blindness and ignorance of the way before him?

Adrian's self-reproach was undeserved. With the lights that he possessed, and the current of his nature urging him on, he had trimmed his boat for the best. His judgment had never left the helm, and if he had been occasionally driven from a

straight course, by elements beyond his controul, the general direction of the vessel remained unchanged. He was steering for a harbour still, obscured though it was in the dim distance, and the chances were that he would reach it, notwithstanding his distrust of himself.

Such impressions of his past life, however—the sort of review which he stood still to take, in the dull lapse of emotions which succeeded shortly after his father's death—impelled him strongly to pursuits in which he fancied there would be occupation without feeling, the exercise of thought without that of imagination. He was not without competitors, however, in his efforts for distinction. There were two classes of young men in College then—the thoroughly studious and the thoroughly idle. The tendency of the time and the country was to

extremes—and, after all, is not this, in many respects, the tendency of all countries, and all times? Fanaticism, and infidelity; the severest morals, and the most reckless dissipation; the most refined manners, and the grossest brutality; the most profound learning, and the most surprising ignorance, are frequently contrasted in the smallest communities. Human nature seems to abhor consistency. The highest development of virtue in one man would appear to provoke, in an evil-minded neighbour, an equally extreme development of vice; and in degenerate times, or degenerate countries, instances of merit, not only, from contrast, appear the brighter, but actually become so, both from a certain antagonism in our moral nature, and also from the fact that man finds higher models both in books, and in abstract conceptions, than he is likely

to meet with in actual examples. No where could strong virtues provoke their opposite strong vices more decidedly than they did in the New England University.

As we have said, Adrian had competitors, and they were neither few nor contemptible. If he won some honour in the race, he thought, he could not hope to distance all. There were several, who with much less natural ability than he possessed, had pursued an undeviating, persevering course for many years, and possessed an iron power of endurance, which enabled them to contend for every inch of ground, while it protected them from discouragement by defeat, or over-elation in consequence of success. The knowledge, however, that he had such rivals stimulated him to exertion; and day by day, the eagerness increased till it became an enthusiasm, a thirst, a fever.

At last the day came that was to decide. Many a steady heart beat with unaccustomed emotions : many an eye was full of anxiety. But Adrian, strange as it may appear, was as calm, so far as any external signs were manifest, as the most indifferent spectator. Many wondered at his composure, for few except men of strong passions understand what a volcano of excited feelings may slumber under the calmest exterior. When, however, it was at length announced that the first honour was awarded to Adrian Brewerton, although his features and expression underwent no change, what he felt was not so much rejoicing as satiety—it was as if a cool tide were suddenly poured upon consuming fires.

The precise nature of his feelings would be difficult to describe : it seemed to him

as if years had rolled by in the passing of a moment. So far from overrating his victory, he did not fully appreciate it. The contest from which he had just emerged fell suddenly in value, until it seemed to him but as the strife of pigmies. Clouds vanquished which had obscured his view—mists were swept away from the past which had magnified the objects; and the sunshine that broke forth upon the future, dimly revealed to him the magnitude of the struggles that await the earnest man in life. The very victory seemed to humble him; not that his self-reliance was not increased, as there was just reason that it should be; but it was hard for him to understand how he had expended so much ambition upon so small an end. Adrian Brewerton had not yet learned that his feelings were only in harmony with a general law, in obedience

to which the truly great mind, at each successive attainment in this limited sphere of action, is led to look back upon all the triumphs of the past, however great, and however legitimate, if not with contempt, at least with a thorough appreciation of their insignificance, when contrasted with the mighty and unlimited future.

With all this, the effect of his success, during the first few days that succeeded, was to restore him to a more peaceful calm, which he somehow knew could not last. He had come to a resting-place in the struggle of life. He fancied that, like the lotus-eater, he could lie down for a while by the road-side, and with half-closed lids contemplate, in luxurious dreaminess, the past and the coming time. But it could not be. There was that in both which admitted no such dalliance with memory or

hope, even for a day. A flood of recollections, and a flood of anxieties, vague, because he hardly dared to fathom them, rushed upon him with an impetuosity proportioned to the restraint which his temporary devotion to a single purpose had imposed upon his mind.

It is impossible to make any one who did not know him, fully comprehend the effect of his first great struggle: the collapse into which he was plunged by success, and the reawakening of a crowd of previous impressions upon Adrian Brewerton. Day by day, and week by week it increased, varying often, but still leaving him depressed; and though he suffered not without a strong and vehement struggle, the result was evil to his health and spirits.

The disease was more of the mind than the body, however. His frame remained

powerful and robust, though the colour had faded from his cheek, and his eye lost its expression of sympathy with the surroundings of every-day life ; but a sort of morbid, causeless anxiety seized upon him, from which he could not escape. Neither had he that command over his thoughts, which he rightly looked upon as one of the greatest qualities of a strong intellect. Often would they wander, in a sort of mazy dance, amongst vague and indefinite objects of terror. Often would they fix pertinaciously upon some painful fact which it was useless to contemplate, but from which he found it impossible to withdraw them. The fate of Roger Ashmore ; his father's death ; his terrible watch by the dead bodies ; all forced themselves upon memory when he would not—rose up as distinctly as they had appeared at the moment of occurrence ;

and were even aggravated in all their darkest features by the power of an over-excited imagination. This was especially the case with his father's death. The tall, venerable figure of Major Brewerton, with his snowy-white hair, his dignified and stately carriage, and all that habitual grace of manner which had distinguished the old British officer, presented itself continually to his view, clear and definite, as an object almost tangible. Adrian seemed to hear his father speaking the memorable words, "Let the remembrance of the blood that is in your veins serve only to keep you from low society."

They appeared to have a deeper meaning—a more pointed, a more special application, than when they were first spoken; and if his mind rested in a sweet dream on the beautiful girl by the shores of the bay, the revered shade would rise up to his sight,

and the words of warning sound again in his ear.

One day, he had been thus indulging, and had been thus checked, and the bitter struggle between love and prejudice had been going on fiercely, when, at length, he started up, exclaiming, "I will leave this place! I am without object here—but not without temptation. I will leave it, and forget."

He had taken his hat and gloves, and had opened the door to go out, without any very definite object, when he saw, just mounting the stairs towards him, his friend Charles Selden.

The good heart of the young physician had wrought a great change in his demeanour towards Adrian, since that night when he had played off so painful a practical joke upon him, at a moment when nerve and

resolution were most necessary to meet the fatal intelligence of the following day. Adrian himself bore no rancour; and his memory of injuries were short; but Charles Selden seemed neither to forget his own act, nor to forgive himself; and though with a frank generosity of nature, he did not avoid Adrian, but sought him more than ever, yet there was always a grave tenderness in his manner when he first addressed him, as if the very sight of his friend at once awakened self-reproach. To others, he was as gay and dashing as ever, and even with Adrian, the first sort of reserve quickly wore off.

“Ah, going out, Brewerton?” he said, shaking him by the hand, “I am glad to see it. You sit too much alone, my dear fellow, ‘of melancholy musings your companions making.’ Besides, you have taxed your mind too much. There is nothing on earth

like bright skies, and open fields, rocky hills, and rushing streams, trees, and birds, and flowers, and waving corn, for reconciling us with the world, and life, and fate."

"All mysteries," answered Adrian, gravely.

"Ah, but beautiful and consoling mysteries, too, when rightly seen," answered the other. "I am not given to preach—how should I be?—nor to moralize, nor to philosophize overmuch; and yet, even in my own butcherly trade, I cannot help, every now and then, discovering things which give a confidence to faith, and fill the heart with high hopes, instead of cold, unsubstantial dreams. When under my scalpel I detect the most wonderful contrivances, such as the mind of man could never conceive, for giving powers, and pleasures, and faculties to this mortal frame in health, and for providing it with curative means in sickness,

I say to myself, there must be a great mind to devise, and to produce all this—there must be a great spirit somewhere in the Universe—not a dumb moving power, but an intellectual, thoughtful, loving being, as full of beneficence as mightiness. I say, that if there be such a being, it proves that there is such a thing as spirit—as soul; for he himself must be all soul; and I say again, that unless there be an anomaly in Nature—a gap in creation, which no analogy will admit—there must be some point in which matter and spirit are united; and that point man. Instead of a dull, leaden, material universe, hard, and cold, and heavy, springing from dust, and unto dust returning, all around me becomes animate with energy, and happiness, and hope. I stand, as it were, at the entrance of a garden of delight, and neither fear the time when the

door will be opened for me to go in, nor mourn without comfort for those who have passed before me. But I keep you standing here, and, doubtless, you have heard sermons enough before now, from wiser lips than mine."

"I rejoice to hear you talk so, Charles," replied his friend. "Sit down, and go on in that strain for as long as you will. Your words have given me comfort already; and such thoughts, when I can but grapple with them, always do."

"They are better than the bottle," replied his companion, with a smile; "for they are of a finer flavour, a more persisting influence, and they leave neither head-ache, nor heart-ache behind them. But come, let me be the companion of your ramble. We can talk as we go, and extract some amusement from every thing we see."

“And, perhaps, some instruction too,” replied Adrian. “Do you know, Charles, in what my dreaminess has ended? In a conviction that there is no object so worthy of philosophical desire as *the definite*. Cloudy imaginations, ever quivering doubts, hanging on a diamond-axised balance, the pursuit of shadows that elude the grasp—the butterflies of boy-philosophy—have no longer charms for me. Unsatisfactory, delusive, vain, mocking one like wandering lights in a morass, they leave nothing stable to rest upon. I want the substantial and the true. I am resolved, Charles, to see *the definite*.”

“Where will you find it?” asked his companion, with a laugh. “*Sogno della mia vita e il corso intero*.”

“I shall find it I trust, in my own heart,” replied Adrian, gravely. “I will question

it of all things. I will know of it what it is, what it contains, what it requires. I will sit me down, and let mind speak to spirit, under an inquisition from which it shall not escape. All my life, hitherto, has been passed in seeking, if not finding, just notions of external things. It is time I should know something of myself."

"A personage who always slips from us, when we think we have got him by the shoulder," replied Charles Selden. "Nevertheless, I applaud your resolution, Adrian. It is always well to hunt the devil, even if we do not run him down. We learn all his tricks and turnings, if we cannot catch him at last. But you will have to look yourself out a hermitage ; for self is a gentleman who can only be dealt with in single combat. A number of seconds spoils the fencing."

"I have determined so to do," answered

Adrian Brewerton. “Nay, more; I think I have heard of one, where I can be as solitary as I desire. I found a place advertised in last week’s journal, of which, the utmost efforts of the proprietor, to make his description cheerful and sociable, only served to give a picture full of silent retirement, such as I wish for. I spoke about it to the person to whom applicants were referred, and asked if he had seen it. He shrugged his shoulders, and said it would never do for me; which made me think it would do exactly. There is one farm-house, over the hill, at three miles’ distance; two old maids, living half a mile beyond that, and another farm-house, not more than five miles to the westward. It has the benefit of the easterly winds, with some spasmodic gusts from the north, to set the windows rattling—a grove of red pine, and some fields that have not

been exhausted by over-tillage. I shall go out and see it soon; and if I find that it answers its description, and that all the marvellous beauties and conveniences I have described are not the flourish of a rhetorical auctioneer, I will buy it."

"Buy it!" exclaimed his friend.

"Why not?" said Adrian. "My father left a considerable sum in ready money, and this place costs but a few thousand dollars."

"Well, let us go together, this very day, and see it," said Charles Selden. "But be sure you will get sick of it and *the definite* in six months."

"I think not," replied Adrian Brewerton. "But even if I do, I can sell it."

"Not always possible," answered his friend. "Markets for such commodities may be difficult to find."

“ Then it can stand vacant,” replied Adrian.

“ But the loss of interest, and the taxes,” said Charles.

“ Never mind the taxes,” replied Adrian Brewerton.

CHAPTER XI.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose.

POPE. "*Eloisa and Abelard.*"

THE morning was as bright, as if summer had been in its prime, when Adrian Brewerton and Charles Selden, leaving the carriage which had brought them to the top of the hill, walked down the slope towards the dilapidated columns of brick-work which had once formed a gateway to the strange old house which has been described in our first chapter. Adrian Brewerton carried a

large key in his hand ; for the person to whom the selling of the house was entrusted, although he undoubtedly expected to be paid for his pains, had declared—with that cool indifference which many persons mistakingly imagine to be independence—that “ He guessed he could not take the trouble of going out ; but that Mister might have the key and look at it himself. Then, if he liked it, he did ; and if he didn’t like it, he did not. That was all.”

As they had turned away from his house, Adrian had merely noticed his behaviour by nodding to Charles Selden and saying, “ Independence !”

“ Pooh, nonsense, Adrian,” replied his friend, “ a man may be independent and civil—free as the air, and yet obliging—a Republican, a democrat if you will, and yet honest. Now I do not call this honest.

This man has undertaken to sell this house, is to be paid for it, and will take care that he is paid for it ; but yet he will not go a few miles to perform the very duty he undertakes, and covers his neglect to his own eyes, under the plea of independence. There is something of fanaticism in it too : for the fanaticism of liberty has in a great degree, in these States, superseded the fanaticism of religion, and one is not much better than the other. They call a Frenchman insincere ; but how much more pleasure, and profit, too, does one get out of a Frenchman's insincerity, than out of the brutality of such a fellow as this."

He went on endeavouring to prove three very remarkable positions : First, that a Frenchman was not naturally insincere, but that his large promises notwithstanding small performances, proceeded altogether

from the same good-humour which induced him always to do any thing to serve another, when he could do so without great personal inconvenience : Secondly, that the Frenchman's good-humour, and the courteous manners even of the peasantry, did not proceed from education or custom, or even the long training of generations, but from race ; and thirdly, that there was at least as much (if not more) real vanity latent in the rough incivility of several branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, as in all the gay and dashing boasting of the Frank.

We do not mean to say that he proved these propositions ; and it would not very much interest the reader, perhaps, to hear how he supported them. There he stood before the gates with Adrian Brewerton, and a smile upon his countenance as he marked the melancholy aspect of the place.

The morning was as bright as summer, we have said. The sun was doing his best to make every thing look gay, as if he had been hired by an auctioneer for the purpose. The sky was clear and blue, without even a haze upon it, or a vapour in the atmosphere. The light breezes waved about the branches of the trees, and sported round the old walls, like children playing at hide and seek, and seemed lyingly to give out that they were the habitual denizens of the valley, when, in truth, it was more frequently the meeting-place of the grown-up sons of Æolus. Still it looked desolate, solemn, cold, and gloomy, in spite of all that sun, and sky, and breeze could do. There was a sadness about it—a stern, repulsive gravity, like the aspect of a man whose heart is withered in hard and selfish toils.

Adrian Brewerton did not seem to notice

this dull aspect at all. He was in a reverie of some kind, whether brown or blue, we know not; and he looked as grave as the house, while pacing along the little pebbled path, from the gateway to the door, he trod down remorselessly the tufts of grass which had taken so long to grow up between the stones. He put the key in the door, and had his not been a very strong arm, and his grasp an iron one, when he chose to exert his powers, the key would have staid there for a very long time without turning; for rust was in all the wards, and the bolt was growing to the staple.

His first effort to open the door was unsuccessful; and Charles Selden exclaimed with a laugh, "Depend upon it, Adrian, this door is like that especial one in great Dutch houses of the old school, which is only opened thrice during the earthly sojourn

of any man—when he goes to be christened, to be married, and to be buried. I will run round and see if there is not some more practicable entrance.”

He returned in a minute after, exclaiming, “Here is a door, Adrian, that requires no key at all; for there is no lock upon it. Depend upon it, that is the family entrance; for the grass is not half as stiff and independent as here, and there is actually an old hen in the yard, who informs me that she laid the first egg after the flood.”

This was said as he came round the house; but before the last joke was discharged, Adrian, who was not so easily turned from his purposes, had forced the key round in the lock, and they entered by the front door.

There were great wooden window-shutters against the windows, fastened by a beam,

rather than a bar ; but these were removed, with some trouble, and the light was let into the rooms on the right and left of the entrance-hall. The daylight certainly seemed to find itself in a strange place ; for the taking down of the shutters had stirred a quantity of venerable dust, which began gamboling with the one ray of sunshine which found its way in, in a very improper manner, considering the age of the parties. It must have been a great relief to the dust, but somewhat oppressive to the sunshine. Adrian looked around the large panelled room ; and even, with the aspect of that, he did not seem displeased ; and when he went into the opposite room, ornamented with the hunting scene, he seemed better pleased still.

“ I will sit there, Charles,” he said, pointing with a smile from the one chamber to

the other. "I will sit there when I want to think ; here when I want to dream."

"And where when you want to go to bed?" asked Charles Selden.

"That we will see presently," answered Adrian ; and going up the great staircase, he entered four of the rooms upon the first floor, which afforded a favourable specimen, being the last occupied and the best preserved in the house. He visited no more. "These will do," he said, dryly. "I will have this room for myself ; that for you, Charles, when you come to visit me ; that for a gardener ; and that for an old woman to cook our dinner."

"Very old!" said Charles Selden, in a monitory tone, "and I don't know that even that will do ; for, if a man were to live here six months, I think he would marry his great-grandmother—up to which degree I believe the canon reacheth not."

“No fear,” replied Adrian Brewerton; and descending to the great panelled room again, he stood for a moment in the middle of the floor, looking across the ray of sunshine, in which were still dancing the busy motes, so like the thoughts, and hopes, and purposes of life. At length he said suddenly, “Do you know, Charles, this is my birthday? I am one-and-twenty years of age to-day—a new starting-place—a starting-place for any goal I please—a thousand courses around me—a thousand careers to choose from; and yet but one that is right, and worthy, and noble. Is it not worth while to pause a little, and enquire which, of all the many, that one is?”

“Well worth the while, indeed,” replied Charles Selden, in a graver tone; “but still more worth the while to take the course, and pursue it steadily, when you have found it, if ever you do. Men’s lot in life—men’s

conduct in their career, even, depends not on themselves. Accident — circumstance, affects them from the beginning of life to the end. It is well to say, I will examine and I will choose ; for examination and choice may do something ; but still, my dear Adrian, never dream that you will be able to fix upon any *direct* line that you can follow *directly*. That depends upon the will of God, upon the acts of men, upon the thousand chances and changes of the world. Man is a race-horse, running his course between two walls, within which he may deviate, to a certain degree, but beyond which he cannot go ; while all the time the whip and spur of the hard rider, Fate, is forcing him onwards.—But who have we here ? You seem threatened with visitors already. What will become of your solitude, if all the old gentlemen in the township come to call upon you ?”

“There are doors,” replied Adrian, drily.

“Some of them without locks,” said Charles Selden. “But who is this grave and reverend signor, I wonder?”

The person who had attracted his attention, and upon whom Adrian Brewerton's eyes were now also fixed, was a respectable-looking old man, of about sixty years of age. He was dressed in a suit of brown broadcloth, and wore a peculiarly low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat. One of his legs was somewhat bowed, as if from an accident of ancient date; but yet he limped a little still, as he walked across the pebbles towards the house. He seemed in a meditative mood; his eyes, which were small and gray, being turned upon the ground, and his hands held behind his back, so that Adrian and his companion had ample opportunity of examining him.

The result was not altogether agreeable to Charles Selden. There was a look about the man difficult to describe by any other term than “not natural;” and yet it was impossible to say, what was the fine shade which marked out this sort of doubtfulness of expression. It was natural for an old man to walk slowly—natural for a lame man to limp—natural for a thoughtful man to look down—natural for a serious man to wear a grave and steady countenance. But yet, all these naturals, to the eyes of Charles Selden—and sharp eyes they were—seemed a little overdone. Whether it was his habit of dissecting the body, and laying bare the muscles, and tendons, and filaments, and nerves, that had engendered in him the custom of anatomizing the mind, and laying bare those emotions, and principles, and motives, and secret sources of action, which

are, in fact, the muscles, and sinews, and nerves of the spirit, down to their finest threads; or whether it was that intuitive perception of the workings of the minds of others, which some men possess; certain it is, that Charles Selden often detected, by very slight indications, that which was passing in the breast of the most covert, and the most cautious.

The effect upon the mind of Adrian Brewerton was different. He thought the old gentleman a very respectable-looking old gentleman, and that was all; and, although he was not one of those who pin their faith upon respectable persons, yet he was not inclined to enquire further without necessity.

A necessity for enquiring further soon came; but Adrian Brewerton did not yield to it. The old man passed the windows of

the room in which they were, without seeming to notice whether they were open or not ; but when he came to the great door, he gave a little start, as if with surprise, to see that it was not closed ; and then mounting the green and mouldy steps, he looked in, and gave a tap upon the wood-work.

“ Come in,” said Adrian Brewerton, aloud ; and in walked the old gentleman accordingly.

He looked up benignantly ; first in the face of Charles Selden ; but that did not seem to suit him, and he turned his eyes to Adrian, whose deep mourning, and handsome person, certainly gave him a more interesting appearance.

“ Pray, is either of you the gentleman,” he said, “ who, I am told, has bought this place ?”

“ I certainly have not bought it yet,” re-

plied Adrian Brewerton. "But what if I had, my good friend?"

"Why the people did say there was somebody had purchased it, or was going to purchase it," said the old man, in a somewhat maudlin tone—telling him a great falsehood, by the way; for nobody had said any thing of the kind, or even dreamt that any one was ever likely to purchase it to the end of history. "I only thought, that if it was sold, I might as well put in a good word for myself; for you see, sir, I was gardener here a long while ago—well nigh twenty years, I calculate—and I do love the old place, notwithstanding. You can't think how often I come down here—ay, and many a half day's work I do, trying to keep things clear at the back of the house: but the weeds get ahead of me, do what I will. It's curious to see how they do grow

when there's nobody to look after them. Well, there is an old hen, and there was an old cock, too, till this time last year, hanging about the place, just as I do. They were the last of the breed that they used to have here, and a fine breed it was ; but having no one to care for them, they had grown most savage creatures like. I used to think there were three of us ; but last year the old cock died ; and so, I thought, when I heard the place was sold, and seeing you two gentlemen here, I would just say a good word for myself, and ask if you wanted a gardener ; for I ben about the place more or less, forty years, man and boy, and I can do a good day's work yet."

"I do want a gardener, and you shall be the man," said Adrian Brewerton, laying his hand kindly on the old man's shoulder.

"But what are your wages?" asked Charles Selden.

It was a difficult thing to get him to say. He guessed he had so much, and he calculated that he could make so much in the year by journey-work; and he was more desperately indefinite than is customary in any other part of the world. But the matter was at length settled by the offer of a distinct sum by Adrian, and a demand of three dollars a month more by the gardener. Adrian then made some enquiries respecting the best plan of getting the place put in order, gave a few directions of no great consequence, and walked away towards the carriage on the hill, with the full determination of concluding his purchase at once, and installing himself in the place as soon as possible.

Charles Selden walked by his side in solemn silence.

“Well, Charles?” said Adrian, better

pleased with the day's work than he had been with many a one before.

“ Well, Adrian ?” replied Charles, in a grave tone.

“ What are you thinking of ?” asked Adrian.

“ Of how mad a man may be without knowing it,” answered his friend.

CHAPTER XII.

Patience ! preach it to the winds,
 To roaring seas, or raging fires ! the knaves
 That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em.
 ОТВАЯ. "*The Orphan.*"

As the variety of human noses is infinite, so is the variety of human tastes. That, we think, is a good broad proposition, which would require a very stout critic to deny it. Some men love moving into new houses. Some men love packing and unpacking. To some there can be nothing more abhorrent than the one, except the other. With Adrian Brewerton, however,

mixed feelings were at work. He was not very fond of migration. He was not at all like a friend of ours, of whom it was said by a caustic acquaintance, that if he were in Heaven, he would not be satisfied without seeing the other place. To explain the matter phrenologically, and in due order, we may state that every organ of the brain may be considered as having three separate qualities or faculties : a propensity or affection, a capability, and a retentiveness or memory. Adrian had the organ of locality strongly developed ; he had the capability of rapidly discovering all the bearings or relations of a place : he had a memory of places which never failed him, and he could have gone into every nook and corner which he had known in childhood, without forgetting one step of the way thither : he had, moreover, the propensity or affection

for a place which he inhabited, in sufficient strength to make him adhere to it, unless some powerful reason existed for quitting it, and to cause him to view any other place with less affection.

In the present case, however, he was influenced by that theoretical view of realities which is so often like a rotten ladder, the rounds of which break down under us when we begin to climb them. He was not exactly a builder of castles in the air; for he always anxiously sought for more solid materials—at least to construct the foundations withal. But we are afraid the cement was somewhat given to crumbling. However, he was fond of building in this sort; and he had raised up an edifice of purposes and resolutions, which—however unfit for habitation in the eyes of his friend, Charles Selden—he was fiercely anxious to enter

into ; and as the vestibule thereof was the old house over the hills, he had made extreme diligence to get there as soon as possible. A gnat will keep a man awake more surely than a thunder-storm ; and though we grumble very much at the small things of life, and abuse destiny for bothering us with petty cares, we are not sure that any thing serves better to bring us to our senses. The innumerable annoyances of getting into a new house—especially in a country where every tradesman thinks he lays you under an obligation, who sells you a ball of twine for twelve and a half cents, and where you are obliged to court a carpenter to work at two dollars a day, with base prostrations and cajolery, which the meanest courtier would not condescend to offer to sovereign or prime minister—had nearly dispelled all Adrian's illusions with

regard to quiet retreats, and thoughtful solitudes. All other sovereigns, an independent man may get rid of, by never going near them; but the sovereign people comes to him, and bullies him in his bed-chamber. Satan Montgomery, when he wrote upon the omnipresence of the Deity, never thought of the omnipresence of the sovereign people, or we should have had a terrible Canto of it.

Adrian wanted but little here below; but yet that little was not to be had without more plagues than ever infested Egypt. Half a dozen chairs, a table, a frying-pan, a fish-kettle, ditto for tea, a spit—in that golden age stoves were not invented, Allah Kerim!—a bed to lie upon, a plate to eat out of, a cup to drink from, a book-case, and a tight roof over his head, were all he wanted, with the exception of a cook.

His impatience met with many salutary checks. The American people are the most patient in the world, and they are quite right to be so ; for they will get no one to move a step faster, fret they ever so fretfully. But Adrian was of an impatient spirit, and now he was getting his drubbing—that drubbing which is so necessary to every young man in life, from the hard fat cudgel of the world, against which there is no shield—no striking again.

The upholsterer received his orders, and took them down in a book. He received his money also, and gave a receipt for it ; for Adrian thought that slippery metal, gold, would grease the go-cart of the upholsterer's upholstery. He was very much mistaken, however. The good man guessed that it was a long way to send the things : that his horses and carts had a great deal

to do just then; that if Adrian had been but three days sooner, he could have sent them more easily; and when the young gentleman entreated him, as he had never entreated man before, and never entreated woman in his life, the only reply he got was, "Waall, I guess I can send them out the week after next."

The secret of all this, was, that at that time there existed but one upholsterer in the place. Rushing away from the shop, he hurried to a man who let carts and horses, agreed to pay an enormous price for the carriage of his furniture, and got it all over to his proposed dwelling place—with two legs upon every table, and three upon most of the chairs. Some indeed, like the old soldier, "had but one leg, and that was a wooden one." It need hardly be mentioned that the crockery was a mash.

Next came the evils of the cabinet maker and joiner. We need not dwell upon them ; but what between guessing upon broken tables, and calculating upon rotten doors, they well nigh drove Adrian Brewerton mad.

His last trouble before entrance, was with the cook. He had a great many who came to see him, in answer to his advertisement ; but with most of them, it was evidently a cook's choice of a master, not a master's choice of a cook. One did not like to go so far into the country, and declined at once. One actually accepted the situation, went out, saw the house, came back again, and brought her box with her. Another—an awful old mulatto woman—was affected by more human considerations. She inspected Adrian very closely, and then said she guessed she should not like *to help* so young a man.

“ My good woman, you would not be in the slightest danger,” replied Adrian, and civilly showed her to the door.

At length, however, came a good old creature, who seemed to look upon the young man with a certain degree of compassion. She said she had no relations, and few friends, and the country was the same to her as the town. She was tired of seeing so many people’s faces, she said. She did not add, that she was tired of seeing so many who took no interest in her; but we believe, that feeling was at the bottom of her heart. She called him, “ my dear,” too, as if he had been her own boy; and Adrian liked her for it. A kindly word, however familiar, was so much better than the answers of all those cold, hard, independent incarnations of selfishness, which he had hitherto seen. He asked her very

few questions. She might be a good cook, or no cook ; he did not care a jot. She might not know a rump of beef from a calf's ear ; it was all the same to him : she had spoken kindly, and civilly, and that was enough. He was resolved to have her, if she was to be had. He would not cheat her, however. He told her that it was a very melancholy place, to which he was going. He drew the most forlorn and deplorable picture of the house that it is possible to conceive ; but, she replied, that she did not care ; she was not accustomed to be melancholy, although she had had enough to make her so. She had lost a husband, and a son, and heaven knows how many daughters—all of them had been cooks but one, who couldn't, because she died an infant ; and the matter was then speedily settled. She was resolved to go and take care of the

young man ; and he was resolved to be taken care of. So one morning they jogged out together in a neat waggon, drawn by one horse, both of which Adrian had lately purchased.

Then began the long catalogue of wants, which always present themselves when you imagine that you have provided for everything. To hear the cook's enumeration, one would have supposed that Adrian had never been at the upholsterer's, or the chinaman's, or the hardwareman's, at all. There were no pillow-slips ; there were no sauce-pans ; there were no skewers ; there were no glasses ; there was no sieve ; there was no—but why should we protract the catalogue ? There was not anything, in short, but broken chairs and tables, a battered pot, a bent spit, and a basket of cracked crockery.

“From the sublime to the ridiculous,” said a very great little man, “there is but a step ;” and in the mind of Adrian Brewerton, there was a struggle, as to which step the course of events should take. It ended in a laugh, however, which was a relief to him ; for he had not laughed for many a day. The cook laughed too, which was a greater relief to him still ; for the doleful face with which she recapitulated all that she lacked, had made him almost fear that, in mere despair, she too would carry herself off to the town, and take her box with her.

“Now listen to me, my dear,” she said, in a motherly kind of tone. “I guess the best thing for you to do, will be, to let me have the waggon and horse, and I will go over to the town and get what’s wanted. All the heavy things are here, and amongst them all, we can make out something to sit

upon, and eat upon, and sleep upon, and I can bring all the rest that's wanted back in the waggon."

"But can you drive?" asked Adrian.

"I guess I can," she answered; and so it was settled. The horse was put to the carriage, and money into her hand, and away she went to the town, while Adrian and the gardener set to work to put up the beds, and arrange the furniture. The bedsteads had been already mended as far as they had needed it, by a stray carpenter, who had consented with some difficulty to come and do what was required in the house, but who had taken himself off, after having repaired the bedsteads, saying he guessed it would take too much time and trouble to do the rest. The gardener worked away with a right good will, however. He was slow and quiet, and marvellously sleek, but he

seemed to understand all sorts of contrivances, and to possess a vast fund of resources.

In that early age of society, a number of those admirable inventions did not exist, which have since been introduced for the purpose of abridging man's comfort, and making him hardy and enduring. Amongst other things wanting at that epoch, were the peculiar knife-trays in which men now sleep, uncanopied, uncurtained, and very often uncovered, which are called French bedsteads—though we suspect the first inventor of them was Procrustes. The beds at that time in existence, consisted of four-posters, half-testers, tents, and truckles ; and Adrian Brewerton, with a wise and liberal spirit, had purchased a four-post bedstead for himself, another for the one friend whom he proposed to admit, and two half-testers

for the two servants. The room appropriated, in Adrian's imagination, to his friend Charles Selden, had two doors and two windows in it, and Adrian fixed in his mind upon one particular spot, as the place for the bed; but while his back was turned upon some other errand, the gardener began putting up the bed with the head right against one of the doors, which certainly did not appear to have been opened for some years. When the young gentleman returned, he remonstrated against this proceeding; but the gardener was supplied with sufficient reasons, representing to his new master that the door only opened upon the back passage, which, as he stated, sent up a quantity of wind, sufficient to make a line-of-battle ship go fourteen knots an hour, and showing that the head-board and fluted drapery of the bed would shelter its occupant

from the unseasonable visitations of Boreas. This satisfied Adrian, who only wanted a reason ; and the bed was allowed to remain in the position the gardener had assigned to it. Thus the head was against the wall with a door in it, and the foot was turned towards the window on the right-hand side of the room, which commanded a view through the trees, and up the bare hill, and was precisely under that other window, mentioned in a former chapter, out of which an unfortunate young lady was said to have precipitated herself a good number of years before.

But poorly Adrian fared that day ; for there was nothing to eat and nobody to cook it. He did not mind that much, however. The beds were up, and that was something done ; and just at nightfall the old woman, Mrs. Gaylor, returned with the waggon piled

up so high, that Adrian almost fancied she intended to imitate the tower of Babel. An hour of semi-darkness was passed in unloading; and certainly an abundance of comforts which Adrian would never have thought of, soon surrounded him, and made his desert blossom like a garden. A good supper concluded the day; and Adrian, tired out in mind and body, lay down to rest, and for eight hours slept the sleep of labour. If all the spirits that ever came out of Tophet, or went into it, had danced Sir Roger de Coverley over his head, he would not have heard a foot-fall that night.

The next day, the old woman found out that it would be necessary to go to the town again. Oil, pepper, and mustard, were wanting, candlesticks, snuffers, and trays—they had been using lanterns the night before. Something to cover the worn-out

floors of the house was also required. Basins, ewers, and *et ceteras*, to supply the place of the defunct crockery ; a basting ladle, a dredger, a colander, a dripping pan, a chopper, and heaven only knows how many things besides, were all lacking in the kitchen. Away she went, leaving some meat ready dressed for “those she left behind her ;” and Adrian, to say the truth, was quite happy when she was gone ; for her daily catalogues were beginning to grow tiresome. The beds were put up too : he had nothing to do ; and as the main feature of his whole scheme was, that he should be saved all trouble but that of thinking, he fondly fancied that his felicity was beginning. Up and down the garden, and along the road that led to the pine-wood, he walked for two hours, with his hands behind him.

In the mean while the gardener found

plenty of occupation. He bustled in the house and out of the house, in the garden and out of the garden, and three times came up to the young gentleman to tell him what he had done to put the place to rights. But Adrian was by this time in one of his fits of thought, and sent him away unceremoniously with a short answer. It is not at all an uncommon practice with old foxes, when taking new service, to delude their masters into conversation with them, not for the purpose of "entangling them in their talk," but just as a seaman throws a leaded line into the sea, to discover the depth of the waters, and the nature of the bottom. If such was the good man's intention, Adrian's taciturnity and thoughtfulness served him as well as any thing else; and once he limped away from him with a smile.

However that might be, the day wore

away ; the old woman returned ; her purchases were distributed, and Adrian went to bed. He was sleepy from monotony, but not tired ; and the result was, that about the middle of the night he started up suddenly, fully convinced that he heard a great noise. He listened, his head full of the fumes of sleep, which sometimes are as bad as those of brandy. He could have sworn that he still heard the running of feet upon the upper floor, though the sound was not so violent as it had appeared magnified by slumber. Oh, lucifer matches ! why were you not invented ? The helpless housewife of those days had to hammer a flint and steel together for half an hour, and blow an any thing but odoriferous piece of tinder for the other half, before she could light the morning fire ; so that there was no hope of Adrian getting a light to see

what was going on. He was stout of heart, however; and he opened the door, and went out into the passage into the darkness. The sounds instantly ceased, when the door opened; but not satisfied, Adrian felt his way to the room of the gardener, and shook his door, which was locked. At first, there was no response; but after Adrian had thumped for a minute or two, a sleepy-toned voice from within asked, "What's the matter?—what's the matter?"

"What is that noise, Palham?" asked Adrian, sharply; "I hear people running about overhead."

"Only the rats, sir; only the rats," replied the gardener. "They do make an awful din, at times. I han't been able to sleep all night for them;" and a loud snore, which succeeded the moment after, testified his strong intention of making up for lost time.

Left without resource, Adrian returned to his own room, and though he lay awake for nearly an hour, suffered no farther disturbance that night.

CHAPTER XIII.

Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non facimus ipsi
Vix ea nostra voco.

OVID.

Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo
Sanguine censeri.

JUVENAL.

THE principal medium of terrestrial locomotion in the days of Adrian Brewerton, was the stage-coach—called by popular abbreviation “the stage.” The American stage was—for it is a thing almost of the past—as unlike its English prototype as it is possible to conceive. In form it somewhat resembled those hereditary cradles which have been handed down from generation to gene-

ration in the families of some of the founders of the Republic : but with this difference, that the aforesaid stage-cradles were covered with a protecting roof. The springs were large, and limber, and the carriage was perched upon them at a formidable distance from the wheels — so that whenever any unusual obstacle (and in spite of the bull, such unusual obstacles were common) had to be passed, the passengers within experienced a sensation such as must be felt by a bird, when he perches on a slender bough, on a tree-top in a heavy gale. The only outside seat was the especial property of the driver — and as rich a specimen of originality was the Yankee stage-driver, as any of his most famous British brethren could possibly be. This seat he occasionally allowed to be shared by some seductive traveller who had won upon his good graces

by the well-timed offer of a cigar, or of another sort of refreshment, which (considering the existing legislation in some of the States) it were perhaps discreet not to particularize.

There was no stage that passed nearer than two miles from Adrian Brewerton's new residence ; but upon such as there was, Charles Selden obtained a seat on the box one afternoon, and went down to visit his friend, whom he had not forewarned of his intention. He was compelled therefore to walk the two miles, with his luggage under his arm ; which luggage consisted of one of those barrel-shaped black valises, which the country physician commonly carried strapped behind his saddle. It was night before his journey was accomplished ; and on his arrival at the house, he found Adrian, whom he came upon by surprise, seated in

the frescoed chamber, reading by the dim light of two dipped tallow candles, with a large black-letter volume opened before him, which Charles did not remember to have seen in his friend's library before.

“ Well, Adrian,” was his first exclamation, at the same time tossing his valise upon the floor at the other end of the room with the freedom of a privileged guest, “ what in the name of the definite, and the exact, are you poring over now ?”

Adrian coloured slightly, but closed the book before him, and rose to welcome his friend, with a cordiality of manner which he showed to few. There was something, however, in the meaning smile which still remained upon Selden's face—one of those smiles, in the light of which the sensitive are more uneasy than in the shadow of a frown—that induced Adrian, after the first

words of welcome had passed, to answer the question which his first purpose had been to evade.

“It is only,” he said abruptly, “an old book of marvels, descriptive of certain supernatural apparitions, more or less apocryphal, which are said to have kept the Court of Denmark in commotion for a long time, some two or three hundred years ago. It was evidently written with a full conviction of the truth of its contents, monstrous as they are. But it is none of my property, I can assure you, Charles. I found it the other day, in an odd corner of a closet attached to my bedroom. It is evidently an heirloom from some former proprietor of this enchanted castle.”

“Why enchanted?” asked the young physician, quickly, fixing his eyes upon Adrian, as if he detected some peculiar

significance in the tone, rather than in the words. "Are you the enchanter, or the captive damsel?"

"Neither, or both, as you please," was the answer of his friend. "But," he added after a moment, in a somewhat graver manner, "I do not understand you, Charles. You have such a magazine of profundity, both of look and speech, that I must confess you occasionally puzzle me."

His friend made no reply, but taking up the book from the table, hastily turned over the leaves, apparently for the purpose of averting his gaze from his friend's face, until he could control the curious, meaning expression which his own features, in spite of his efforts, continued for some time to wear. At length he said, addressing himself rather to the volume in his hands than to Adrian, "There are mysterious legends

current nearer at home than Denmark, if my friend the stage-driver is to be believed."

Adrian looked enquiringly in his face; but Selden did not seem disposed to pursue the conversation in that direction any farther; and some supper was called for by the master of the house, and discussed by himself and his guest, the latter showing that neither walk nor drive had diminished his appetite.

During the meal, however, both were evidently thinking of subjects of much interest; and after the supper-table had been cleared, and they were again left alone, a pause followed—one of those dull breaks, awkward enough to write about, but still more awkward to experience—a pause occasioned, not so much by want of matter for talk, as by a certain antipathy to encounter some impending topic. We all have secrets

of opinion, as well as secrets of fact ; some of them too subtle to be communicated through mere general sympathies, requiring in those to whom they are divulged, at least a harmony of sentiment in one particular direction. The mind has its instincts of self-defence and protection, as well as the body ; as also, we are quite sure, it has its instincts of attack. Wary fencers, whether they be so through long practice, or from the necessity of the moment, will cross swords, and watch their adversaries, long before any thrusting or parrying commences.

There was little occasion for such a pause ; but while it lasted, so far as the countenances of the two friends gave indication of their thoughts, their minds seemed to be somewhat differently occupied. Adrian appeared lost in inward reflection, while Charles Selden looked as if he were amusing himself

with some problem beginning and ending with his host.

There was something in their mutual aspect, of the defence and the attack.

The silence was broken by the rushing into the room of a huge, black Newfoundland dog, who, almost upsetting the small table in the eagerness of his approach, threw himself crouching, at Adrian's feet.

"What a magnificent beast!" Charles exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed," replied Adrian, "he is as fine and as pure a specimen of the race as I ever met with. Old Keelson, the fisherman, who has been to see me here, gave him to me as a companion for my solitude. He had him direct from the Banks: look at his feet; look at the jetty blackness of his hair; look at his eye. There is no mongrel blood in him, Charles; no crossing with the bull-

dog, or the mastiff—decent fellows enough in their way, by the by. He shows race as much in his character, as he does in his appearance. How strange it is, Charles, that we all admit the importance of good blood in brutes, while many deny that it is of consequence in man.”

“Is man then the king of brutes?” replied Charles, with something approaching a sneer in his tone. “Is he a creature that arrives at perfection by mere physical cultivation, and the improvement in instinct that accompanies it? Is he altogether the slave of his organization, and of certain outward circumstances; or has he, as his birthright,—be he rich or poor, high or low, Anglo-Saxon or Turk,—a soul which his own will, under the grace of God, may develop to equal perfection with any of his fellows? Has not man something so entirely distinctive from the rest of creation, as to stand at his birth,

upon an elevation so lofty that the little accidents of extraneousness—the what has gone before, or the what may come after—whether, through inheritance, his nose be long or short, or his hair black or auburn—whether his father was a mechanic, and his ancestor, in the fiftieth generation back, a prince; or that ancestor a mechanic, and his father a prince—whether all the honours of his race are numbered in the past, or are to be hoped for in the future: is not man, I say, raised upon such an elevation, as man, that all these petty accidents can only raise, or lower him, if at all, to an infinitesimal degree above or below his fellows?”

“I cannot altogether agree with you,” Adrian replied, with more eagerness than the occasion seemed to require. “Man is such a compound creature; the combination of spirit and of matter is so infinite; the reflex action of each upon the other is

so complex ; the animal (and I use the word in its better sense) in so many ways, which we can neither follow nor disentangle, controls and dominates the spiritual ; and that animal not only in its physical essence, but also in the feelings, sentiments, and affections which either belong to it, as of itself, or as dependencies of its organization, is so varied, influenced, and formed by circumstances, that the mind—the soul, I may even say—will unconsciously follow, and that to an infinite degree, impulses in which the animal has a vast share. Besides, we certainly inherit physical peculiarities from our parents, families, races ; and why not the nobler faculties too ?”

“ You are mistaken, Adrian,” replied Charles. “ You are greatly mistaken. There is nothing moral which we inherit—not even those lower propensities which you would

make part of our animal nature—that the soul of man cannot, should not, and the presumption is, will not control. Even our physical peculiarities are more of race than of family. The soul of man is an unity. God has so declared it, and so treats it in his providence. It can, and should, govern the whole mortal nature. Of education I admit the necessity ; but the little prejudices of birth I can neither appreciate myself, nor justify in others.”

Adrian mused a moment, not seeming altogether satisfied with the reasoning of his friend. “ At least, Charles, you will admit,” he said, “ that those born to an honourable name are influenced by an inducement not to sully it, which others do not feel.”

“ Influenced by pride,” Charles answered. “ But the pride of mean extraction, the pride of poverty, the pride of creating as

well as of inheriting, the pride of a thousand things, may do as much. Stick to your presumptions as much as you please, Adrian; but do not let them influence your conduct. When you meet with an honest and cultivated man, or a virtuous and noble woman, never stop to ask whether the father was a tinker or a courtier.”

Adrian was not yet convinced. He could not help thinking—and the reader must not accuse him of want of charity for so doing—that some people take a theory adapted to their own circumstances, and then reason up to it; just as some writers select a title for a book, and then write up to it.

Perhaps, had his friend, Charles Selden, been born a nobleman, instead of being a humble physician, and still reasoned precisely in the same way (and, good reader, we have heard precisely similar reasoning

from men of the highest worldly rank), he might have been equally suspicious of his sincerity. He might have said to himself, "Here is a man who talks, by mere complaisance, in a way that he can afford to talk. Perhaps he fancies that he believes what he says; or perhaps he thinks that by the expression of such sentiments, he is acquiring a double title to our respect."

Poor, weak human nature! How often we are misled by our noblest impulses! How often does the very desire of truth lead us into error! As the too near consideration of an object blurs the sight, so does too earnest a desire to investigate a truth confuse our judgment. Particularly is this the case, when we have some motive for wishing to be convinced in opposition to our prejudices. The very desire to believe makes us suspect our own impartiality.

There was, perhaps, at the present moment, something in the mind of Adrian Brewerton, unknown to himself, which disturbed his views. He was too conscious of an anxiety to have prejudices overturned, which he was not yet thoroughly convinced were prejudices. He asked to have them overthrown by such reasoning as only the exact sciences will admit. He felt too deep an interest in the result of his conclusions to weigh arguments. It was mathematical demonstration he desired; and would have given the world to have had his preconceived impressions dispelled by a theorem.

“I have seen something of the world,” Charles Selden went on to say, after a short pause; “nay, for one of my age, a good deal. As a stranger, and, I hope, a well-educated one, I have had opportunities, from time to time, of mingling in social circles

abroad, to which one of my station, if a native, would not be admitted. I have tried not to be prejudiced; and I have seen so much to admire, respect, and venerate in the most privileged classes of other lands, that I very early learned to scorn the miserable cant, very common in this country, which would paint men of high station as wanting in culture and qualities, just in proportion as their opportunities and privileges are great. But I must say—and fact is stronger than all argumentation—that I have found as great merit, as great intelligence, as great refinement—and you may give the word all the fastidious signification possible—in those of humble, as in those of higher origin. I know that you think, and many think with you, that acquired gentility is the gentility of pretension and vulgar parade, lacking the quiet, unconscious ease, gracious-

ness, and simplicity of gentle birth. So it often is in foreign countries ; and I fear so it must be in our own, to a great extent, if we ever have an aristocracy of wealth, the most vulgar of all aristocracies. But yet this is not always so anywhere. Peers are sometimes as essentially vulgar as parvenus ; and parvenus of all kinds are sometimes as refined as any peers. What I demand is, that you test the individual, and let him pass for what he is, whether he be an exception to his class, or not. I have seen the truth of my impressions more decidedly exemplified in woman than in man—" and here again Charles Selden looked Adrian in the face, with one of his enquiring, half malicious glances ; but the only effect he noticed was, that his friend slightly, and as it were mechanically, moved his chair.

" I have seen a girl at Madrid," continued

Charles, "who sold gloves behind the counter all day; and in the evening I have seen the same girl walking in the Paseo, side by side with the bluest blood of Castile; and in no respect—I speak in strong terms, but speak confidently—could the most supercilious accord the preference to the latter."

"Pooh, pooh!" answered Adrian. "You had not sufficient opportunity of judging either the duchess or the glove-woman—at least, I hope not. A woman may walk well, and dress well, and look well, and yet not be a lady after all."

"Well, then, for an instance where I had better opportunities, and where my judgment was confirmed by people very difficult to please," Charles Selden continued. "I have seen the daughter of an English serving-woman become the wife of a British peer, and equal, in all respects—in grace, and in

refinement—the proudest descendant of the Howards or the Talbots ; and to the credit of the great be it spoken, I have seen her cherished by them as one of themselves. I hardly need tell you, Adrian that our own country is full of instances of the kind. A lady is created by God's will and her own noble purposes—more than a lady, a queen cannot be.”

The last words—from what cause the reader must judge—seemed to produce a stronger impression on Adrian Brewerton than all that had gone before ; but just as he was about to reply, a heavy, grating noise overhead interrupted him. It seemed as if something of unusual weight were dragged across the floor above. A metallic, ringing sound succeeded ; and then all was quiet again.

Adrian sprang to his feet, and snatched

up from the table one of the candles, which were already burning low, for the hour was somewhat late. Charles Selden did not move from his seat; but calmly asked his friend what was the matter. Adrian listened for a moment, without reply, and then, hearing nothing more, lit another pair of candles, and reseated himself.

“I cannot tell you what it is, Charles,” he said; “I have several times been disturbed by similar sounds—generally after I had retired to rest; but I never could get any clue to their cause. Sailor, the dog, seemed to be annoyed by them, at first, but now he has apparently lost all sensitiveness upon the subject, and I suppose the same will be the case with myself in time.”

The dog indeed, who for a long time had been quietly asleep in the corner, merely

raised his head a little from his crossed paws, and lifted his ear in a listening attitude, without any appearance of irritation.

“People say,” rejoined Charles Selden, with a shrewd smile, “that your house is haunted.”

“Do they?” rejoined Adrian, drily, but with some appearance of annoyance.

“They do, indeed,” answered his friend, with a laugh. “Now tell me, Adrian, have you any notion that such is the case yourself?”

“None at all,” said Adrian; “pray why do you ask?”

“Only because I am ignorant of your opinions upon supernatural appearances,” replied Charles Selden; “and from what I know of the constitution of your mind, I may have thought, that, although you have, perhaps, no very fixed belief in a great

many things that other people believe, still your imagination—or your intellect, if you will—is not likely to be checked by the limits of what we matter-of-fact men call possibility.”

“My intellect and my imagination,” replied Adrian, “are very different things, and acted upon in very different ways. Through the one, I receive things as certainties; through the other, only as possibilities. Through the imagination, we apprehend things, of which the natural world furnishes no types—things of which we can only reason by that vast chain of analogies which binds all existence, spiritual and material. You possibility people—you believers in the infallibility of human judgment—you short-sighted observers of the phenomena of life—you scorers of the imagination—confine humanity to a very

narrow sphere. Did not Newton discover the great principle of gravitation, by a just use of his imagination as a co-labourer of intellect, reasoning upon known analogies? And although I have no idea that this house is haunted, as you express it, I will say, since you have forced me upon the subject, that all analogy, and all reasoning from analogy, are in favour of the *possibility*—mind the word, I say *possibility*—of spiritual communication. Every step in the material creation, that we know, from the lowest organization up to man, has its link of connection with that above. There is no soul below man: we believe that there is soul in him, and above him; for we have God's word for it, against which you will not dispute: and why may not the spiritual relationship, between God, at the summit of all things, and man, in whom occurs the

junction between spirit and matter, have as many connecting links as present themselves from man downwards? Or rather, does not analogy show that it must be so? And if so, may we not infer, that the order in the spiritual world, next above man—probably that of disembodied spirits—has a means of communicating with man himself?”

Charles Selden was amused with his friend's eagerness; but he only shook his head, as if he detected some weakness in Adrian's logic, which, at the moment, he did not think it worth while to point out.

Adrian, however, went on warmly. “The world is full,” he said, “of stories of supernatural events. The truth of but a few can be investigated by any one individual but many of them are authenticated by evidence as strong and as copious as would

suffice to convince us of any other fact. There is nothing, on the other hand, within our own actual knowledge to render such occurrences incredible by implying an impossibility or an inconsistency with recognized truths. You, on your part, rest alone upon what you consider probabilities, in opposition to direct evidence and analogy. One or two, or even many tales of supernatural agency may be overthrown, or rendered doubtful; but a single instance substantiated to our full conviction, proves more than a book full of suspicious marvels can make one doubt. My father—I don't think you knew him, Charles, but he was any thing but a credulous man—frequently related to me a curious little incident. When quite young, he was travelling in the East, with a number of gentlemen, amongst whom was a young man from the Hague.

The Dutchman was as cool and practical as his countrymen usually are. One night, at Constantinople, he dreamed that a friend, who had been recently married, was driving with his wife in the neighbourhood of the Hague, that the horses took fright with them, that both of them were thrown from the carriage into a canal, and drowned. This dream he happened to relate accidentally. Nothing more was said about it, until the party reached Cairo, some months later, when a letter awaited the young Hollander, which confirmed his dream in all particulars, even to the day, with one exception. Neither of his friends was drowned. The coincidence became a matter of jest, and was soon forgotten. The party separated; but my father and the Dutch gentleman proceeded together to make a tour of Spain. After staying a week at Seville,

they took mules for Madrid. The third or fourth day of their journey, my father noticed that his companion was unusually grave and silent, and asked the reason. His friend answered, that while at Seville, he had dreamed, an aunt, whom he very much loved, a younger sister of his mother, was dead, though he had every reason to believe her in perfect health. This little incident, he said, he should never have thought of again, had it not been for the singular confirmation which his Turkish dream had received. My father laughed ; and they proceeded on their way. At Madrid, there were no letters for the Hollander ; and nearly three months later, the two companions arrived at Paris, late in the evening. Their visits to their several bankers, they of course postponed until the next morning. My father returned with

his letters, before his friend came back. When the latter entered the room, the expression of his face, my father assured me, he should never forget. There was an open letter, edged with black, in his hand. His aunt was dead. She had died during the week which the two friends passed at Seville—whether on the day of the dream or not, it was of course impossible to say. Now, Charles, tell me, Was there nothing supernatural in this?”

“There might be, or there might not,” answered Charles Selden. “It might be merely a case of coincidence; and to my mind, it is perhaps more extraordinary—considering the innumerable trains of cause and effect, which are continually crossing and recrossing each other in every direction—that there are not more of such startling coincidences, than that some do occur, and

are recorded. A man may eat under-done pork, have the nightmare, and dream that his aunt is dead, and his aunt may actually die on the same night, without there being any very logical connection between the pork, and the nightmare, and the old lady. If the young man who had the nightmare, had dreamed that he had died, and did actually die, I could see some sort of connection."

"You material philosophers," replied Adrian, "are always inclined to slip out through the loop-hole of a joke; but with me this is one of the serious questions of life, Charles. I would fain know, as far as possible, all the realities that surround me, and, hearing every argument upon the subject, that is really an argument, bring my mind to some definite conclusion."

"Well, well, I will be definite," replied

Charles Selden, with a laugh. "Now let us to it, Adrian, like two bull-dogs. Let us lay down our propositions: you on the one side, I on the other; and defend them stoutly, merely as a matter of argument. Perhaps between our two hard heads, we may knock out some spark of truth, at length."

The conversation continued in the same strain, for more than an hour longer, till Charles Selden began to yawn, and at length exclaimed, "Really, Adrian, you are getting beyond my depth. Recollect, I have been just rattled in a stage, and have walked over a hill with that ponderous valise in my hand. It is past midnight, and methinks the most conclusive argument would be bed—natural or supernatural, ghost or no ghost, I will—"

Even as he spoke, the same strange noises

which had interrupted them earlier in the evening, were suddenly repeated ; but this time they were much louder, and more distinct. To Adrian they seemed to come from a spot precisely over where they sat, but Charles Selden exclaimed, “ That’s right before the door ; ” and darting to one of the windows, he threw back the thick mooreen curtains which now shaded them. The moment he did so, both Adrian and he beheld, upon the trees opposite, not only the gleam of light which proceeded from the lower window, but a strange sort of reddish glare higher up, which seemed to come from a room in the upper story of the building.

Snatching up a lantern which was standing in a corner of the room, Adrian lighted it, and ran towards the door, while Charles Selden, seizing a stout cudgel which lay upon the table, followed his friend ; and in

another moment they were standing on the grass, under the trees.

Each at once raised his eyes towards the upper windows ; and each beheld distinctly a bright light streaming forth, and several dark figures passing across from one side to the other.

END OF VOL. I.



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